

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World

Number 382

Week Ending
JULY 17, 1926

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

THE LEAGUE AND THE MILKING-STOOL

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PHARAOH'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED

A HORSE OF HIGH ESTATE

Found After the Passing of
the Centuries

A PYRAMID TOMB

An extraordinarily interesting discovery has been made at the old pyramid of Sakkarah.

Excavators working on behalf of the Egyptian Government have found two ancient buried horses, one imperfect, the other a perfect mummy regally entombed in a large gable-topped case.

This is the first discovery of a mummified horse in that old land where animal worship was as well established as it is in India and in wildest Africa today. The Egyptians worshipped cattle, apes, birds, crocodiles, snakes, and insects, and now at last we find that these rites extended also to the horse.

Not an Arab Steed

Here, indeed, is evidence that they loved their coursers as the Arab loves his steed. Perhaps they had some such feeling toward their faithful animal friends as the famous poem attributes to the modern Arab, sadly singing of the horse he has sold:

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly-arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye!
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy winged speed:
I may not mount on thee again, thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Naturally fancy paints this venerated animal, which has lain since about 1200 B.C. in the silent tomb, as indeed an Arab steed. But that can hardly be.

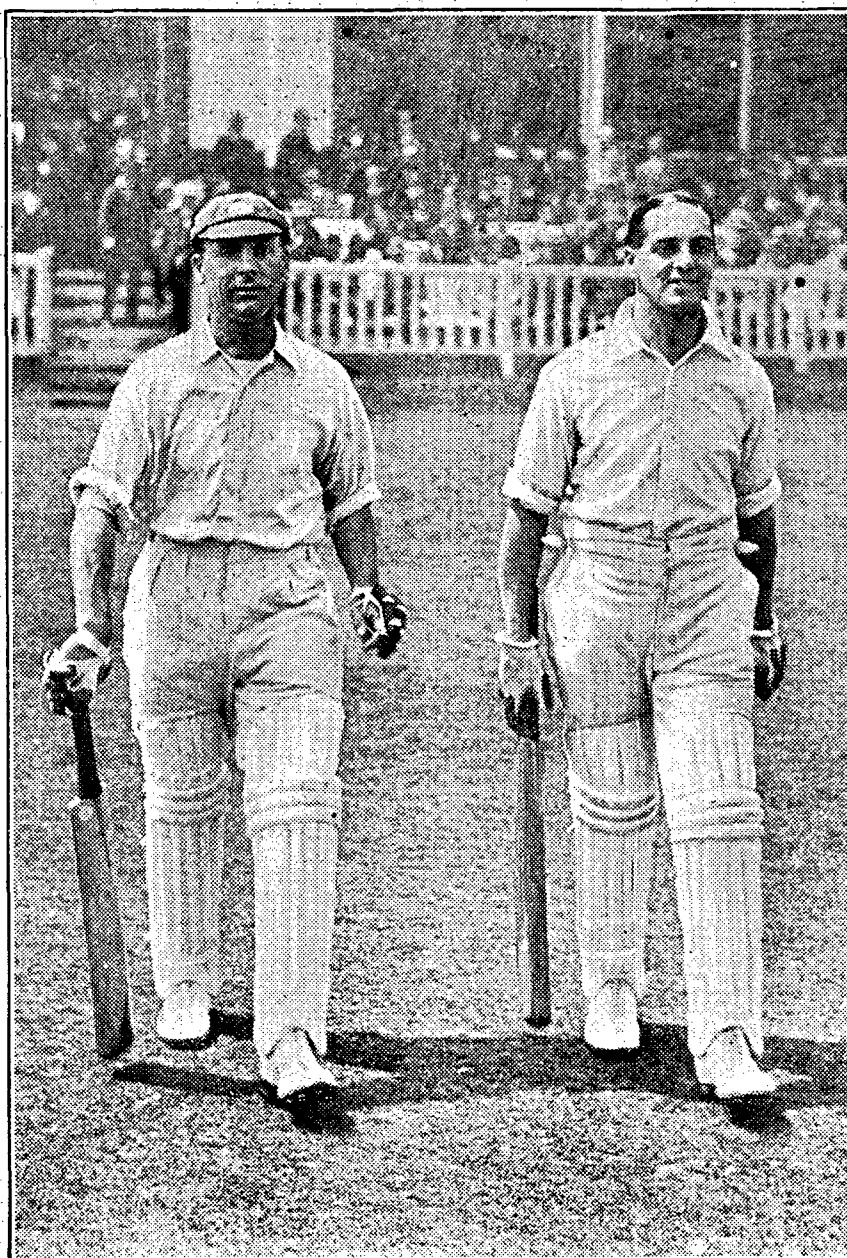
The height of the horse (16 hands) is the size of a fine English carriage horse, and Arab horses are never so tall as that, but from two to four inches lower. Moreover, the date is against the idea of the Arab horse. We may imagine Arabs always to have had horses, but the truth is that the Arabs had no horses before the birth of Christ. Strabo, who lived from about 63 B.C. to A.D. 19, expressly tells us that the Arabs at that time had only camels and asses.

How Did the Horse Die?

The horse was apparently unknown in Egypt until about 1800 B.C., six centuries before this mummy horse scoured the sandy plain. It came originally from Mongolia and Turkestan to Persia, thence into Assyria, and so to Egypt; and the peerless Arab horses were later developed from these old strains.

What would be the history of this mummified creature? Did it die naturally, a king's horse to be held in honour at its death? Or was it sacrificed at the death of its royal master, to accompany him in his dread journey through the underworld, as if the king had said of the faithful creature, as the Arab of the poem says of his: "I could not live a day

England's Hope



In the fourth Test Match, which will begin at Manchester on July 24, England's innings will no doubt be opened by Jack Hobbs, of Surrey, and Herbert Sutcliffe, of Yorkshire, the famous pair of batsmen from whom England has come to expect so much. Here they are seen walking to the wicket together.

and know that we should meet no more!" If mere worship prompted the great honour paid to this horse then we have in it another manifestation of that feeling which seems world-wide in the human heart when first mankind comes in contact with these noble animals.

The Greeks thought the first mounted men they saw were gods, and called them Centaurs, man and horse combined. So did the Indians when they were first confronted by the cavalry with which Cortes conquered Mexico. He rode his black horse to a standstill, and left it with natives of Yucatan till he should come that way again.

They thought it a god; they fed it on what their gods were supposed to like, and when it died they carved a statue of it; and afterwards they placed the statue in one of their temples.

We shall know all about this mummy horse in time; but we shall never know,

perhaps, the man who owned it, that king to whom death came as to the horse, a man who would take it ill that another in his stead should ride his steed.

There are few things more touching in Shakespeare's treatment of Richard the Second than when the groom enters the dungeon of the fallen king and tells in deep melancholy how Bolingbroke has ridden to his coronation on Richard's horse, roan Barbary, whom Richard has "so oft bestrid."

"Rode he on Barbary?" cries the broken monarch, marvelling that so fine a creature could have gone quietly, or even with pride, with a usurper in his saddle. This old mummy must have been some Pharaoh's "roan Barbary," and it may come to live in our thoughts with those famous steeds whose history we do know, the steeds on which great men rode to deeds that have made nations and countries what they are.

THE UNKNOWN SCOUT

A TIP THAT CAME BACK

Sowing of the Good Scout
Seed in U.S.A.

THE BISON OF EPPING FOREST

When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

No Wolf Cub worthy of the name will claim for his own the bronze Bison which now belongs to the Boy Scouts of Great Britain for ever.

It is a monument to a good deed done by somebody who can never be known, and so it is a true memorial of the spirit of the Scouts, whose working rule is that good deeds must be done without reward or recognition.

Result of a Good Turn

But every Boy Scout will feel that the Bison, which the Prince of Wales accepted on their behalf from the American Ambassador on Independence Day to be set up in Epping Forest, belongs to him because it was won by a deed that he would have done—and never mentioned it.

The Bison is the gift of the American Boy Scouts, who sprang from those of England as their forefathers sprang from English stock. But they began in kindlier circumstances. One day when Mr. W. D. Boyce of Chicago was in London he was in a difficulty, and a Boy Scout helped him out of it. Like other open-handed Americans the gentleman from Chicago thought he would like to tip his young acquaintance, but the Scout explained that it was all in his day's work to do a good turn, and contrary to all the rules of the Scout Order to take anything for it.

A Sign and Emblem

"That's a good sort of boy," one can imagine Mr. Boyce saying, "and a good sort of Order. America can't be left out of that. I guess the United States could do with a proposition like that." They could, and did, and do, and today there are seven hundred and fifty thousand American Boy Scouts.

One of them has repaid the tip the Unknown Scout declined by giving this bronze Bison as a sign and emblem to him and to all British Scouts like him.

REMEMBER THE CAT

The attention of the public was recently called by a stipendiary magistrate to their responsibility to domestic pets when they go on holiday.

He quoted the Protection of Animals Act, 1911, which provides that persons who fail to make provision for their pets in their absence are liable to penalties up to £25 and three months' imprisonment.

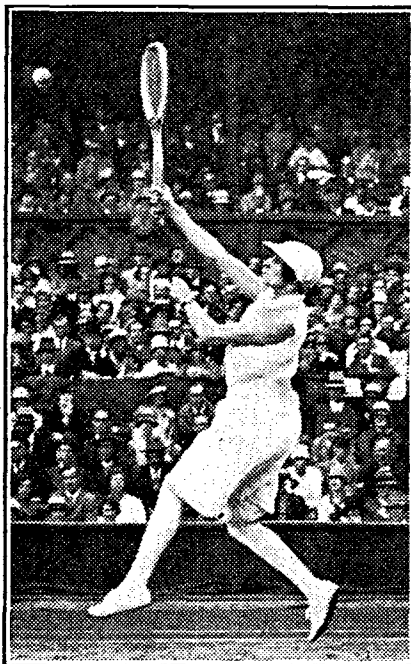
Persons who undertake the care of animals in the absence of holiday-going people are liable, too, if they do not carry out their undertaking.

A WONDER COMING SOON

Seeing by Telephone
WHAT IS BEING DONE IN
ST. MARTIN'S LANE

Seeing the person you are talking to while making a telephone call is no longer a possibility of the future; it is being done every day by Mr. J. L. Baird in his laboratory in St. Martin's Lane, London.

Mr Baird can send from one room to another a recognisable image of the face of the speaker. The speaker sits in front of three intensely powerful electric lamps which illumine his face with brightness. The extreme image of the face is thrown by a lens upon an apparatus which picks out little bits of the image one by one with infinite quickness and throws them upon one of those wonderful little cells which re-



Mrs. Godfree, formerly Miss McKane, who won the tennis championship at Wimbledon by defeating Senorita de Alvarez, the Spanish girl

spond to light and generate an electric current which is stronger or weaker as the light itself is stronger or weaker.

These electric currents are sent through the telephone line to a lamp at the receiving instrument, the rays of which are recombined one after another, with equal rapidity, so that the eye actually sees an image of the person sitting before the first instrument.

The way in which the system is worked out is very technical, and Mr. Baird is now hard at work improving his instrument, which he aptly calls the televisor. If his efforts are crowned with success we may hope before long to be able to fit televisors to our instruments at home; that is, those of us who do wish to see the person at the other end of the line.

DEMOCRATIC PRINCES

It is tiresome to live on a pedestal, and even princes must long sometimes to take their places in the rough-and-tumble of life.

The Prince of Wales would appear to get plenty of rough-and-tumble in the hunting-field, and there was an account a little while ago of a desperately fought battle in a squash-rackets competition.

Now we have had the Duke of York appearing at Wimbledon, and getting handsomely beaten after a gallant struggle; and a day or two later we had Prince Henry competing in the ring at the International Horse Show and winning a third prize.

Those who talk of liberty and think of Russia may well remember that ours is a democracy in which even princes are democratic.

A SHOPPER'S RIGHTS

We May Criticise What is
Sold to Us
WHY THE BUTCHER LOST
HIS CASE

Is it slander to tell a butcher he has sold you frozen meat for English? That is the interesting question which has just been decided by Mr. Justice McCardie and a jury.

After a lady had asked for a piece of English beef at a shop in Chelsea, and it had been duly delivered, her father declared before a shopful of other customers that it was chilled foreign beef and he could prove it. The butcher brought an action for slander.

The judge said that if the defendant honestly believed what he said was true he had a right as a customer to complain, and indeed it was his duty to do so in the public interest. He could not be blamed because other customers happened to be present and heard the complaint.

The jury, without suggesting that the complaint was true, found that the defendant had acted in good faith and without malice, and so the butcher lost his case.

When the buyer in the Bible said "It is nought, it is nought," he did not mean it, so he was worse than the Chelsea householder. But it would have been rather hard to convict him of slander for suggesting that the seller wanted to cheat him. A shop is a place for buying and selling, and these things are part of the process! Apparently a shop is a privileged place for these things, as Parliament is for speaking.

UPSIDE DOWN ON A GALLOPING HORSE

Clever Feats of Army Riders

Arab sheiks and American cowboys are not the only people who can astonish us with their clever riding.

A group of Arab sheiks at the Aldershot Horse Show proved to be British Lancers dressed up for the part. In flowing white robes, making blood-curdling yells, they charged across the arena, spearing tent pegs and shivering air balloons with their pistols as they flew past the startled spectators.

Other horsemen, in their proper clothes, did some wonderful jumping. Some lay flat on their horses' backs, others hung by their feet with their heads almost touching the ground, while others vaulted in and out of their saddles, all with their horses at full gallop and sailing over hurdles.

One horseman stood on his head in the saddle during a gallop along the whole length of the arena.

SETTLED AFTER SIX HUNDRED YEARS

The Judgment of Solomon

The law's delays are proverbial, but has anyone ever heard before of a lawsuit that lasted six hundred years?

Yet it is actually that time since the first legal judgment was given as to how certain lands of the French Alps Maritimes, close to the present Italian border, and once held by the House of Anjou, should be distributed among four local communes.

Ever since 1327 one commune or the other has been appealing, and now a final ruling has been given by the Court of Appeal of Aix-en-Provence, though why this is going to be final, as no previous decision has been, is not quite clear. The land in dispute, known as the Terres de Cour, covers 16,000 acres, so that there should be a substantial share for each disputant. Let us hope, therefore, that Roquebillière, Belvedere, Saint Martin-Vesubie, and Lantosque will at last settle down in peace and neighbourly amity.

THE MEN WHO STOP AT NOTHING

Risking Life for the Film Again

Another attempt has been made by the film people to show that the Eiffel Tower is not fool-proof.

Two months ago an airman was killed for the benefit of the kinema cameras, which were turned on his plane as he tried to guide it beneath the lowest span. A French boy has now risked his life for some other unscrupulous film-maker by trying to climb the tower along its outer iron framework.

He went up hand-over-hand, girder by girder, clinging to bolt and rivet, and looking, no doubt, on the film pictures very much like a fly crawling up the lattice-work.

Arrested on Eiffel Tower

Crowds watched him. So, also, for a few minutes did the Eiffel Tower caretakers. Then they summoned the police.

The task of climbing after a person engaged in unlawful acts is not one included among the duties of the Paris gendarmes. They went up by the lift.

The climber was met, therefore, at the first platform, 200 feet up, by gendarmes who did not even ask him where he was going, but took him to the police station.

The climber got off with a caution. The film people who sent him up appear to have got off with even less. The only cure for these men who make money out of other people's lives is for the public to refuse to see such films as these, and to refuse to patronise cinemas where they are shown.

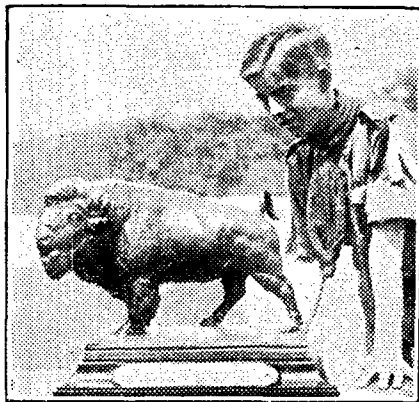
MORE OF ENGLAND FOR ALL OF US

Famous Lakeland Peaks

Another great tract of Lakeland fells and moorland has been secured for the use of the people for ever.

Recently the Forestry Commissioners bought the whole of the wild and beautiful Ennerdale Valley for tree planting, and now it has been arranged with the National Trust that all the land around the valley which is too high for planting (above 1500 feet) shall be handed over to the Trust for the enjoyment of the people.

Land at the head of the valley, down to the footpath joining two passes, is



The bronze bison presented by American Scouts to an unknown British Scout. See page one

also to be preserved as it stands, to give free access to the higher ground, the cost being met by Sir Albert Wyon. Altogether between three and four thousand acres are included, touching some of the most famous peaks in Lakeland. They join previous gifts of thousands of acres, so that today practically all the uplands between Buttermere, Ennerdale Water, Wasdale Head, and Seathwaite above Borrowdale, with the range to the west from Scafell to Glaramara, are in public trust.

WITNESSES FROM THE BEAR PIT

Scene in a Swiss Court
THE BEST SORT OF EVIDENCE

In the long story of mankind animals have been worshipped as gods and tried as criminals. It was a regular custom of the Middle Ages that they should be tried in a court of law for crimes against their human neighbours.

But it was only the other day that two bears appeared in court at Berne, not, it is true, in the dock, but in the witness box, and very effective evidence they gave.

The Bear Pit of Berne is one of the best-known tourist sights of Europe, and the effigies of its occupants, or of their ancestors from the mountains, have become a kind of national symbol of Switzerland. An assistant keeper of these creatures charged his chief with cruelty to two of his charges. The chief keeper brought the animals to the court, to the manifest uneasiness of everyone, from the judge downwards.

The Defendant Wins

The defendant's counsel asked leave to call them as witnesses. On the request being granted the complainant and several other attendants were asked to approach the bears, which, taking no notice of the others, moved menacingly toward the complainant and made as if to cuff him with their great paws. Against the head keeper himself, on the other hand, they showed no resentment at all.

This evidence completely convinced the judge, as well it might, that whoever else had been cruel to the bears it was not the defendant, who left the court without a stain on his character escorted by his witnesses.

THINGS SAID

Labels and placards are the dangers of democracy. *Lord Balfour*

Sabotage and the policy of Ca' Canny are fraud and perfidy. *Mr. A. Carhill*

You cannot erect a frontier against ideas. *Dr. John A. Hulton*

Any thinking person knows that Prohibition is a good thing. *Mr. Henry Ford*

I am buying no new dress this year, but I must have a few books. *A C.N. Mother in Nova Scotia*

The Army today is the most sober community of men in the British Isles. *Lt.-Gen. Sir W. P. Braithwaite*

I am thankful for my capacity to enjoy every day and every hour. *A lady aged 103*

Life is a good thing, but life means work, doing things and not watching others do them. *Lord Cave*

Cyclists who ride without rear lights have only themselves to blame for accidents. *A Coroner*

The breaking of the General Strike has put England right at the top of the list of the nations of the world. *Colonel House, U.S.A.*

If a person wanted anything in the old days he saved and bought it. Now he tries to win it in a raffle. *The Master Cutler of Sheffield*

Diminish every mystery you can; but for every mystery you diminish you will find a new one springing up in its place. *Lord Balfour*

Ours is the discontent of optimists, not the despair of a decaying civilisation. We know the greatness of our achievements, and that they could be put to better use. *Bishop of Birmingham*

July 17, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

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EUROPE'S HEAVY LOAD

GREAT DELIVERY OF GOLD TO U.S.A.

A Little More About the Burden of a Lifetime

TEN THOUSAND MILLION DOLLARS

Another big instalment of the European Debt to America has just been paid. Europe must go on bearing the load for nearly sixty years, the price of winning the war for America and all mankind.

Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Estonia, Lithuania, Latvia, Finland, Hungary, Poland, and Rumania between them paid on June 15 some £16,000,000 to the American Treasury. Of this sum Britain paid the lion's share, £13,600,000, which is one of the half-yearly payments we have agreed to make.

Few people realise that we have consented to pay America in principal and interest 11,105 million dollars over a period of 58 years from now. France has not yet settled repayments.

These heavy payments received from Europe trouble many American thinking men, and with good reason.

Worth of a Prosperous Europe

The thinking man knows that the world is an organic whole, bound together by human affections, human needs, and the mutual dealings arising out of human needs. If Europe remains unsettled and troubled it must be bad for America in the long run.

The United States Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, well understands this. He has himself just been saying that enlightened selfishness on the part of America should lead her to do everything in her power to restore and strengthen Europe. Europe as a whole owes the gigantic sum of 2000 million pounds to America, but Mr. Mellon puts the matter thus:

The entire foreign debt of ten thousand million dollars is not worth so much in dollars and cents to the American people as a prosperous Europe as a customer.

Influence on American Trade

The truth is that, while the European payments prevent the full recovery of Europe, they prevent, also, the marketing of American produce. Exporting is paid for by obtaining imports, and when there are big imports due to America through debt repayments there is a consequent check to American exports. In seeking European prosperity America would seek her own good.

Some Americans seem to think that debt repayments by Europe help to curb European armaments, but who could imagine the British Parliament being influenced in deciding the size of our Army, Navy, and Air Force by it? Who can imagine Mussolini cutting down his Air Force because Italy has promised to make an annual payment to America?

Better than Debt Payments

The fact seems to be that America could best use the war debts to her own advantage by taking measures in good time to forego them. The renunciation would help her own trade, and, as Mr. Mellon puts it, a prosperous Europe is better than debt payments.

Many great American citizens know well that the goodwill of Europe is a thing for America to desire, to cherish, to cultivate, and that perfect goodwill is hardly compatible with the collection of debts arising out of a great war in which America sacrificed a few lives and much money, while Europe sacrificed not only much money but many lives. The very mention of money debts in such a connection breeds something which is painful to most of us.

We in Britain deplore the unpopularity of America in the world, and we think it a very great pity that she does not take a courageous step to efface it.

THE GREAT DAYS BY THE SEA



A race on the beach at Brighton



Two little bathers at Margate



Paddling in the surf at Ramsgate



A great crowd of holiday-makers on Blackpool sands



Enjoying the hard work of digging a pit in the sand

Now is the time when most people are thinking of holidays, and although the majority of schoolboys and girls are still planning and looking forward to their holidays large numbers have already taken advantage of the year's first spell of fine weather, as we see by these pictures of happy children at the seaside.

WONDERFUL CHITIN

NATURE'S SHIELD FOR HER CHILDREN

What Two Inventors are Talking of Doing With It

NEW SOURCE OF SILK

By Our Natural Historian

In 1823 a scientist discovered chitin; in 1926 two German professors have learned how to convert chitin into silk. Perhaps in 2026 a new industry will arise to provide us with gloves from crab claws.

Chitin is the horny substance which forms the outer covering of insects, lines their bodies, and sheathes their wings; it enters into the composition of the shells of crabs, lobsters, crayfish, shrimps, prawns, and what not. It is one of the most generally used of all Nature's substances for covering creatures of lowly life. It is the shield and fortress, and the internal lining, of that vast unnumbered host the Anthropoda, the animals which have jointed limbs. Nay, more; it is in the pen of the cuttlefish and is in the stalk and shell of certain sea creatures called brachiopods.

Built Up of Living Cells

Really, chitin is a stepping-stone to higher things. It is built up out of the living cells of the insects and crustaceans, as horn, shell, skin, hair, and nails are built up from the cells of reptiles and mammals. It is a sort of half-way house to the marvellous covering with which Nature provided her more favoured children when she sent them venturing in more ambitious orbits.

Man has never invented a finer substance than chitin. It resists most acids and alkalis; no animal can digest it; hot water will not dissolve it, nor will cold water affect it. Terrible things like hydrochloric and sulphuric acid will dissolve it, but that cannot be the method by which the German professors are proceeding, for they are turning chitin into splendid silk.

Origin of Artificial Silk

Such is the story that comes from Berlin, where two professors have evolved a method by which they can dissolve the shell of a crab or lobster and draw from it strands of silk as fine as that spun by the silkworm, or, really, finer, because, while resembling the composition of true silk, it is stronger.

What the process is we do not know. We are equally uncertain whether it will ever pass beyond the laboratory stage to become a commercial success. We can make rubber and real diamonds in the laboratory, but the operation is too costly to compete with natural products, and the same may prove true of silk petticoats and stockings from crab shells.

But such knowledge is never lost. We learned from spiders and caterpillars how to make artificial cotton from cellulose; quite a small thing originally, but the enormous industry in artificial silk has grown from that discovery.

Wonders from Mulberry Leaves

It is not surprising that the elements for silk-making are in the shells of insects. The silkworm derives its food from leaves; one part of that food it converts into flesh and blood, another into chitin for its jaws and claws, another into silk. All these wonders are extracted from a simple diet of mulberry foliage. The spider spins its silk out of a feast of juices from chitin-winged flies; the crab and lobster obtain their chitin from flesh food captured at sea. Chitin comes to all; silk, it seems, is equally derived from each.

It all seems incredible, yet a diet which feeds a toad suffices for the nightingale, and Shakespeare could have thrived in life and art upon the food which left his Caliban little better than a beast.

E. A. B.

EVERYBODY'S ENEMY

THE FLY MORE DEADLY THAN WAR

A Household Pest That Should
be Killed Now

A MESSENGER OF FILTH

The C.N. believes that flies have killed more people than war, and we are glad to see that an official appeal is being made to all householders to kill all flies forthwith.

This, it may be answered, is not the season at which house-flies are a nuisance. But we do not wait till a fire bursts through the roof before we extinguish it; we do not pause to grapple with disease till it becomes an epidemic.

First for the reasons why flies should be destroyed. They seem to have come into being as among the great scavenging agents of Nature. They helped to clear away garbage and filth till man arrived to cleanse the Earth.

Hatched in Corruption

The crime of the flies is that they carry the contagion of their foul banquets with them; upon their limbs and bodies they bear the seeds of death. They have been proved to carry the germs of typhoid, tuberculosis, diphtheria, infantile cholera, anthrax, terrible diseases of the eye, and other ailments.

They are hatched in corruption; they fly straight from their foul nurseries, or from the horrors on which they have been feeding, straight on to our food, so that the meal we eat, instead of adding to our health and comfort, may be introducing fatal maladies into our bodies.

An Appalling Possibility

The urgency for the campaign against flies has been proved. Every fly we tolerate may become the ancestor of unthinkable multitudes of disease-breeders. Let us begin with a fly which, having survived the winter, lays its eggs in April, and let us suppose that all the resulting flies live and that their eggs hatch. Here is what happens.

April 15. The fly lays 120 eggs.

May 1. 120 adults issue, of which 60 are females.

May 10. 60 females each lay 120 eggs.

May 23. 7200 adults issue, of which 3600 are females.

June 8. 3600 females each lay 120 eggs.

June 20. 432,000 adults issue, of which 216,000 are females.

June 30. 216,000 females each lay 120 eggs.

So the deadly table runs on up to, say, the tenth of September, the great fly month, and by that time the progeny of a single fly has reached the appalling total of five and a half million million adults—to be exact, 5,598,720,000,000.

The Only Way

Needless to say, the law of average makes it in the highest degree improbable that so tremendous a total will result, but such a figure is actually possible from one fly. How important, then, it is to listen to the appeal now being made to spare not a single fly.

A fly may destroy a human life; it may spread disease through a household. Yet where is there a house in which the danger is seriously guarded against? Where is the hotel or restaurant, the provision shop, the butcher's or fishmonger's, where these filthy pests are not more or less tolerated and allowed to crawl over our food? We owe it to our friends, our kindred, as well as to ourselves to wage unending war against these foul vehicles of dirt, disease, and death.

RACE WITH A RIVER OF DEATH

Horsemen Who Saved Many Lives

Twenty thousand people are said to have been made homeless by the bursting of a dam above Leon City, in Mexico, while thirty thousand more were driven to the uplands till the waters subsided.

That the death-roll only reached a few hundreds is due to the prompt warning given by men from the cavalry barracks, who rode at the gallop through the city streets in the middle of the night, shouting and firing to rouse the people to their danger. When the ten-foot wall of water rushed into the crowded hovels of the riverside most of the people had fled.

The houses were made for the most part of sun-baked mud, and so could offer little resistance to the flood. The damage is estimated at about six million pounds.

19 AND 21

Carrying All Before Them

A boy and girl from the elementary schools who had won their way by scholarships at every step were among the list of Wranglers at Cambridge the other day; they both, that is, obtained first-class honours in mathematics.

The girl, Miss Katherine McIntosh, began at the Brockley Road School, London, and from Blackheath High School won an open mathematical scholarship at Girton when she was only 18. She has been engaged as mathematical mistress at a great London girls' school, though still only 21.

The boy, Harold Ursell, was a chorister in Birmingham Cathedral. He is the fifth child of a widowed mother. He won every scholarship he went in for, and has never failed in an examination. His scholarship at Trinity College was won from Birmingham Central Secondary School. He is only 19.

Oriel College

A Six-Hundredth Birthday

Oriel College has been taking the opportunity of its six-hundredth birthday to remind Oxford and the world how heavily they are in its debt.

Oriel began as a small society of scholars for research in the learning of their day, distinguished from the monastics by their freedom from vows. Its claim to leadership in education rests on the reforms it introduced in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, when it gave learning the stimulus of competition, setting up what are known as Honour Schools, throwing open its fellowships to all comers, and making teaching a reality.

No one knows why it was called Oriel, except that on a plot of land given to it by Edward the Third there was a building called La Oriole.

It was Sir Walter Raleigh's college, and Cecil Rhodes went there too.

DO NOT FORGET THE CURATE

How £10,000 was Nearly Lost

One does not expect curates nowadays to be able to help much with the financial side of church work. Their incomes are often terribly small.

But happily not all curates are poor; we see that from a story told by the Bishop of Lichfield.

At a meeting to raise money to build a new church those taking the collection were considerably passing the curate by. Noticing this, the Bishop said: "I think you had better collect from the curate," and it was found afterwards that the curate had put in a cheque for ten thousand pounds.

WIRELESS WORKS A BEACON

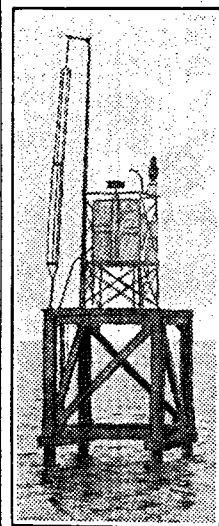
Firing a Gun From a Distance

A ROSENEATH WONDER

By a Marconi House Correspondent

One of the uses to which wireless will one day be put is the control of mechanism at a distance.

Although there have been produced some interesting examples of what can be done in this way,



The Roseneath Beacon

such as the wirelessly-controlled motor-car, airship, and motor-boat, none was found useful or reliable enough until the introduction of the wirelessly-controlled fog-signal. There are parts of our coast where a fog-signal is necessary but where, owing to the rocks, strong tides, and rough seas, it is impracticable to provide any form of signalling apparatus or light-house needing regular attention.

One such place is Roseneath Patch, a sandbank in mid-channel at the entrance of the Clyde. This bank is marked by a beacon, but in foggy weather a sound warning is necessary.

After many experiments the Marconi Company has succeeded in devising a wonderful apparatus which, worked by wireless signals, fires a gun every twenty seconds. The firing can also be stopped by wireless.

One of these signals has been established on Roseneath Beacon as a permanent safeguard for navigators. The wireless signalling apparatus is installed at Gourrock Pier, a mile and a half from the Beacon. When fog is observed the transmitter is operated, and immediately the guns begin to boom out at the Beacon. When the fog lifts a different kind of wireless impulse is sent from the transmitter, instantly stopping the guns.

This is indeed one of the victories of peace, and another triumph of the beneficent work of Senator Marconi.

DUNGEON OF CAESAR'S DAY

A Pevensy Discovery

Pevensy, where the Conqueror landed and Caesar marshalled his men, has yielded a new surprise.

Clearing away loose masonry in one of the castle towers, workmen have come across an opening two feet square which admits to a dungeon fourteen feet wide and fourteen feet deep. Caesar and the Conqueror may probably have used the dungeon.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Pair of German puffed sleeves .	£5670
A drawing by David Cox, 1853 .	£1575
A 16th-century breastplate .	£1260
Set of eight Queen Anne chairs .	£1113
A suit of German armour, 1540 .	£1050
16th-century Italian back-plate .	£997
A drawing by Leonardo .	£800
A pen drawing of Shah Jehan .	£680
Three Cries of London .	£550
A violin by J. Guarnerius .	£470
A panel of Beauvais tapestry .	£315
A panel of Mortlake tapestry .	£294
A pair of Adam side tables .	£157
An old Dutch six-fold screen .	£68

THE UNEASY EARTH

Guardian and Destroyer of Man's Treasures

A MINUTE OF EARTHQUAKE

Midsummer Day had hardly passed when the Earth began to shiver from the Mediterranean to the Yellow Sea, doing much damage in many parts of Italy and Japan. But the worst damage done was in wrecking man's handiwork in Crete.

In the museum at Candia lie the relics of the rediscovered civilisation of the ancient Cretan world, and while the shocks lasted the fate of years of research trembled in the balance.

Here in the island of Crete a band of Englishmen has laboriously unearthed the civilisation of the Minoans, which was as refined as that of Egypt when the power and grandeur of the Pharaohs were at their height, and which in its origin may have been as old or older.

After having been buried and forgotten for more than a thousand years the palace of Knossos, where the Minoan kings dwelled, and where the fabled Minotaur in the depths of its labyrinth was said to swallow up a yearly tribute of human sacrifice from the isles of Greece, was bared to the gaze of the modern world. The Twentieth Century looked on the foundations, the Throne Room with its painted walls, the snake idols of the palace, and the temple which had been set there a thousand years before the birth of Jesus. Then, in a night (in a minute, even), the Earth, which had so jealously and long guarded these secrets, shook its shoulders and all but hid them once again for ever.

But we are now reassured as to the damage. The earthquake nearly burst the museum where the frescoes and the images of the snake goddess were deposited, yet most of these relics escaped with damage that can be repaired. The excavated palace of Knossos is also but slightly hurt, and so the archaeological world can breathe again, and the excavators set once more to work.

WHAT JULY OWES TO MAY

A Butterfly Famine

This year's leafy June and verdant July have been paid for. We are paying for them in butterflies.

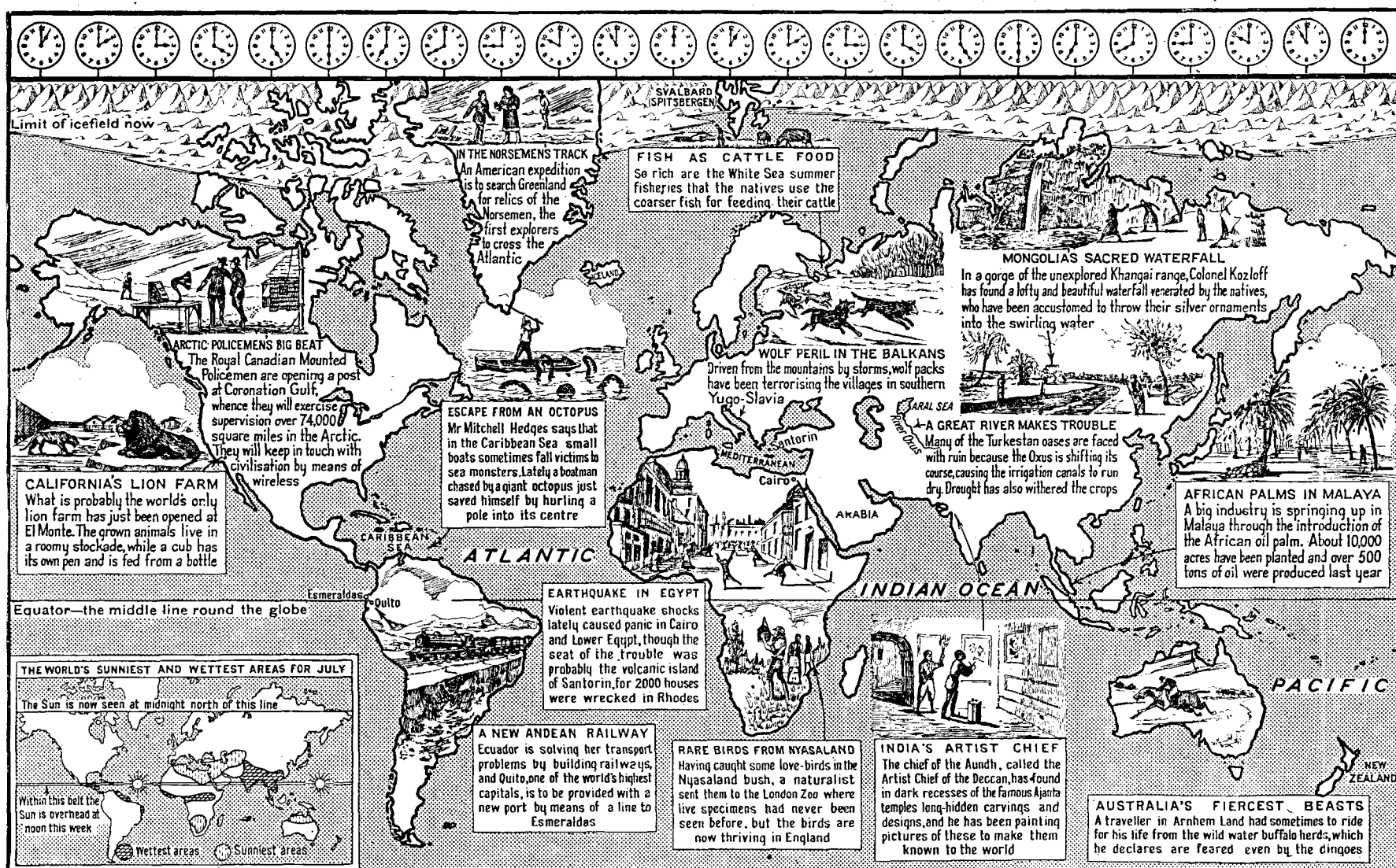
There are plenty of flowers, an abundance of leaves which look as if they would last well into next winter; but the Tortoiseshell, the Red Admiral, the Orange Tip, the Swallow-tail, the Lesser Blue, the Painted Lady, and many others are missing.

The reason is to be sought in the cruel days of May, the never-ceasing showers which combined with the cold winds to sweep over the butterfly world emerging from its chrysalis like an epidemic. Millions perished in the downpour before they learned to fly. There is some compensation in the green beauty of the trees, which have seldom been so free of pests, and have now been given a year to recover; and perhaps if there are fewer butterflies there will also be a shortage of wasps. There is not much hope of any lessening of the gnat and midge populations. But the cool year has saved thousands of human babies, and still more will be saved if the plague of flies is also abated.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Augean	Aw-jee-an
Deianira	De-ya-ne-rah
Guarnerius	Gwar-nay-re-us
Hesperides	Hes-per-e-deez
Minotaur	Min-o-tawr
Philoctetes	Fil-ok-tee-teez
Quito	Kee-to

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



WORK AN HOUR A DAY MORE

One Way to Prosperity

COAL CRISIS AND LIRA CRISIS

If everyone would work a little harder half the troubles of the world would disappear. Parliament has passed a law allowing miners to work an extra hour a day if they wish to do so, and Italy is proposing to add an hour a day to all the working hours for the good of the nation.

It was the tenth week of the disastrous coal stoppage when Parliament passed into law this Bill for increasing from seven to eight the daily hours of work allowed in mines. It is the hope of the employers that, as longer hours would make it unnecessary in many or most cases to reduce wages, the miners will be more willing to go back to work. On the other hand, it is urged that the men have shown themselves all along even more opposed to a lengthening of hours than to a reduction of wages.

In Italy, in order to steady the lira, Signor Mussolini is trying to reduce the imports of Italy and increase her home production, and one of the ways he has chosen to increase production is to allow employers to increase the working day from eight to nine hours.

This, says a Fascist newspaper, represents the precious contribution of the workers to the nation in the hour of economic need. It appears that in many industries the eight hours law has long been a dead letter, the men engaged in them working nine and more hours, but receiving overtime pay for the extra hours. Now the work will be paid for at the ordinary rate, ten and even 25 per cent less than hitherto.

THE WONDERFUL JELICOES

Miss Catherine Jellicoe, Lord Jellicoe's aunt, has died in her 105th year. Two of her brothers and a sister died at over 90, and her cousin and life-long companion at 105.

RECORDS IN THE CLOUDS

Feats of the Flying Men

At this moment a plane which left the quiet Medway at dawn of a clear June morning is speeding solitary over burning plain and desert or over tropical ocean as it finds the way to Australia, 11,000 miles from its home.

When it reaches there it will turn back, and Mr. Alan Cobham, its pilot, will have partly blazed the trail, partly charted the uncharted ocean of the air for other travellers yet to come.

This is the second dazzling air adventure of the year. The first was when Captain Arrachart and his brother set out from Paris on a flight to Basra, at the head of the Persian Gulf, 2735 miles away.

They started on a Saturday. They were there on a Sunday, passing through Europe by way of Turkey and across Asia Minor. They went without a stop. The journey took just over 26 hours, and having started in the coolness of a Paris morning, they glided down into a heat of 118 degrees in the shade in steaming Basra, which is one of the hottest places in the world.

THE GREAT WAR CARRIES ON

Forty More Men Killed

Another shell has gone off, killing forty men of the 45th Regiment of Polish Infantry after it had been picked up as a curiosity from one of the stricken battlefields of East Poland.

It was thought to be harmless. Nations that will not give up thoughts of war can never say that they do not receive warning of what the last Great War cost them. These shells that were sown in Europe, and of which the supply seems never to cease, should be like fog signals to keep trains from running into destruction. They show, what all of us know, that none can say when or where the distraction of a war will end.

A WHALE TURNS BACK

What the Passengers of the Berengaria Saw

A whale has been run down by a liner in the Atlantic, and if whales hold public meetings it may be imagined that considerable indignation was expressed by them at the carelessness of whale life exhibited by the road-hogs of the ocean.

It appears that a school of whales was harmlessly at play when the Cunarder Berengaria came in sight. Giving due notice of their intentions by spouting, the whales took their undeniable right of way across the Berengaria's bows. Unfortunately the smallest of the school, a youngster weighing only 40 tons, turned back.

It turned too late. The ship struck it with a jar that nearly threw the lookout man overboard, but, after all, the whale weighed only 40 tons and the liner nearer 20,000. So no one will ever know now why the whale turned back.

YORKSHIRE SHOWS THE WAY

Coal-owners Combine

Not all the colliery owners agree with the Mining Association that their industry does not need reorganising. A number of big firms in South Yorkshire have decided to combine for the purpose of economical working.

The C.N. told the other day what wonders combination had worked for the collieries of the Ruhr, and now Lord Aberconway has been pointing the same moral. "It is no use anybody sitting on his own cabbage patch and thinking he is going to make his fortune (he says). We have to face unexampled conditions of trade."

Combination, says Lord Aberconway, will reduce costs, make money easier to get, and help with selling prices. Let us hope the example will prove infectious.

WAS LORD BYNG RIGHT OR WRONG?

A Change of Government in Canada

GOVERNOR AND ELECTIONS

Lord Byng of Vimy, the distinguished soldier who is Governor-General of Canada, has had a difficult decision to make as the King's representative there;

Like the King, the Governor reigns but does not govern; he acts by the advice of his ministers. But there is one point at which even a king may have to decide for himself, and that point has arisen at Ottawa.

Under the British Parliamentary system when a Prime Minister finds himself in disagreement with the House of Commons he may either resign or ask for a General Election. Mr. MacKenzie King, the Liberal Prime Minister of Canada, resigned because Lord Byng refused his request for an election, and there is much dispute as to whether Lord Byng did right or wrong.

There was a General Election at the end of last year, after which Mr. King found himself with fewer supporters than Mr. Meighen, the Conservative leader. A small third party, the Progressives, gave him enough support to carry on, but the Progressives have now split, and put him in a minority. That is why he asked for a new election.

Many people thought the country would resent a new election so soon, and the Governor gave Parliament the chance to say whether it was ready to carry on with Mr. Meighen instead of Mr. King. The first thing the Canadian Parliament did when Mr. Meighen presented himself before it was to carry the resolution against Mr. King, but the next thing it did was to defeat the new Government!

The actual trouble out of which the whole crisis arose was the discovery of irregularities over customs duties the purpose of which was to defeat the Prohibition laws.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 17

1926

Where Will You Be in 1976?

FIFTY years hence you may return to the school where you are now only an unimportant pupil, and you may then be famous, the guest of honour who has been entreated to give away the prizes and make a speech. If that day does come what advice will you have for those who sit where you are sitting now? By then life will have taught you some things you cannot learn from books.

Rather more than fifty years ago a boy named Cave left Merchant Taylors' School. A week or two ago he came back, Lord Chancellor of England. He has lived a full and varied life, he has served the Commonwealth through peace and war, been behind the scenes, and known the truth about politicians.

The advice of one who knows men and affairs so well is well worth having.

Now Lord Cave has been summing up his experience of the world by saying that he agrees with the dictum of Oliver Wendell Holmes: *The race is made up of those who get things done and those who sit still and explain why they ought to be done in some other way.*

Lord Cave has observed that the people who get things done seem to get more out of life than the people who only criticise.

You can prove that the world really is divided into these two classes by looking round you even now. Whenever there is anything to be done, choosing a team or starting a school magazine, you will find someone doing all the work and someone else doing all the grumbling. The grumbler does not want any responsibility or any trouble, but he feels free to carp at the boy who shoulders it all.

In years to come, at some Old Boys' Reunion, you will meet them again. The boy who never got things done will not have founded a big business, or won a V.C., or made a great scientific discovery, or found fame as an artist. He will still be the man with a grievance, and so, of course, he will have few friends; for who is so boring as he? Instead of grumbling about the captain of the school he will now be abusing the Government, or complaining about the ways of the new generation. According to him everything will be wrong, but a very little inquiry will show that he has never done anything to put things right.

The other man will listen to his tale of woe a little sadly, and will then run off to get on with his work as Lord Chancellor or Prime Minister, or something else of importance in that great world where pride and fame and the joy of life give a man the reward of his labour.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Way the Man Had

CAN we lose a thing by getting it? It would seem to be so.

In his memoirs the late Lord Dunraven told how his yacht Valkyrie once outraced the Kaiser's Meteor at Cowes. The German Emperor protested against the decision. Here was a pretty kettle of fish! The Sailing Committee would have to dismiss the protest as frivolous and fine the Kaiser £5. It would have been a very disagreeable thing for the Kaiser's kinsman, the King of England, so Lord Dunraven said, "Oh, don't let us have any fuss. Give him the Cup."

The Committee were immensely relieved. An unpleasant episode was avoided. Of course the crew of the Valkyrie must have felt a little sore; but, after all, they had won the Cup, and that was better than getting it!

It is hard to imagine what satisfaction the high and mighty Kaiser could have found in carrying off the trophy he had not won, but it was, as we know, a way the man had.



62 Years to Run

Another great instalment of Europe's debt to America has just been paid. The debt runs for 62 years. See page 3

The Sweeper of Pharaoh's Tomb

AN Englishman—yes, he was an Englishman. But you were not sure of it till he spoke, for he had lived in the East all his life and was as brown as an Egyptian.

He had met Howard Carter, and talked with him of the long labours upon the tomb of Tutankhamen. What had impressed the archaeologist most?

Mr. Carter replied that it was not the treasure, not the vessels of pure gold, not the marvellous painting and carving, not the huge size of the tomb, that struck him most. The strangest thing seemed to him certain marks in the dust. After the funeral procession someone had gone out of the tomb, backwards, sweeping away the footmarks, and the traces of his broom remained clear after all these hundreds of years! It was as much a memorial to the slave and his service as the tomb was to the king and his riches.

Who would have thought that a mere broom could have been so dramatic?

News from the Wilds

How wonderful is the news that comes from America!

A San Francisco despatch, which must have cost a great many dollars, reports that a farmer has found the skull that has fallen from another planet. No description is available, and nothing is known about the skull.

Nor is anything known of the whereabouts of the brain which should be inside the skull of the inventor of this latest news from the American wilds.

Tip-Cat

LONDON parks are arranging to give wireless concerts. Then those tired of listening in can listen out.

A SCOT, whatever country he makes his own, is contented to be a Scotsman. It is cheaper than being naturalised.

A MAN may be a hero to his valet. But give us the man who is a hero to his wallet.

WE passed the other day the butcher's shop of Mr. Eatwell. We hope his customers do.

A MAN carries fifteen tons' weight of air on his body. We are not surprised, our bricklayers move so slowly.

It is not necessary to spend much money to be happy. To know this makes us happy for nothing.

A NATURAL history correspondent asks if a bat will eat a cricket. We do not know, but it seems hardly fair.

SOME Japanese colour prints are done with the elbow. In other countries many prints are done with the feet.

WE were telling a child of the mummy of a horse found in Egypt. "Do you mean a mare?" she said.

Make It Up

IF any of our readers are involved in a lawsuit, and are getting angry over the delays and expenses, we beg them to be patient.

It is now 1926, and the Court of Appeal of Aix-en-Provence has settled a case which began in 1327. The dispute concerned the ownership of a piece of land near the Italian frontier, and the judgment is that the land be equally divided between the claimants.

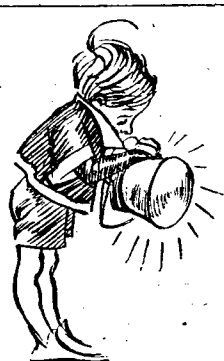
It seems simple, but the lawyers only agreed after arguing for six hundred years.

Here are the facts,

This is the moral:

Don't go to law;

Make up your quarrel.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If sick ducks have
quack doctors

Let Us Smile

It is odd how seldom one thinks of the crowded, hustling City as wearing a smile. Far oftener the people walking on the pavements or threading their way through the traffic have a careworn air, though it may only be due to the trouble they have to take so as not to be run over. This anxious look is very noticeable to the returning holiday-maker, who, though himself inclined to keep on smiling, finds little encouragement in the faces of his fellow-townsmen.

A grave lawyer, the Solicitor-General, told a little story about it the other day. He was walking down Whitehall on one of those days when Peace had just been declared, and when it really did seem as if all London, and half the world with it, had broken into a smile. But his mind was pre-occupied with other business and he did not know how his face looked.

A jovial Canadian soldier knew, though, and saw at once that this would not do. So he stepped up to the man of law and, taking him gaily by the lapels of his coat, said: "Take off that scowl!" The lawyer, astonished as he was, saw the humour of it, and let a smile appear where the frown had been. "That's better," said the Canadian.

If every day were a Peace Day then perhaps it would not be hard to make every day a Smile Day. But it is certain that if everybody tried to meet the day with a smile Peace Days would come oftener. For there is another odd thing which may be noticed: If we do pass anyone who is smiling the sight is so uncommon that we begin to smile ourselves.

Song of the Caged Bird

TODAY I felt the quiet wings of the spring
Tap on my bars, as, breaking through the rain,
The sun came, teaching me a song again,
Who for a time have had no notes to sing.

LIKE feather down I saw soft clouds go by;
Music I heard from trees that touched the blue,
And down from heaven a lark's song tumbled through,
While wings gleamed there like brown stars of the sky.

MY heart was out across the meadows then,
My own small shadow on the hills I saw,
Darting across the golden grass once more,
Or flashing over stone-built homes of men.

ONLY a moment did the thought assuage
My hungering wings to dream of far-off skies
And the gold fields of earth.
Around me rise,
Like flaming swords, the gilt bars of my cage.

MARJORIE WILSON

July 17, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

7

BY THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM THEY SIT DOWN AND WAIL

League of Nations Has a
Good Idea

NEW USE FOR MILKING-STOOLS

Ever since the Fall of Jerusalem her children have wailed every night beside her ruined walls, sorrowing for the sins that brought fulfilment of her prophets' mournful forebodings:

Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!

Shall I not visit them for these things? saith the Lord: shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?

I will make Jerusalem heaps, and a den of dragons; I will make the cities of Judah desolate, without an inhabitant.

Hear the word of the Lord, O ye women, and teach your daughters wailing, and every one her neighbour lamentation.

The Cause of the Trouble

There is not much left of the walls which Titus destroyed, and the famous fragment known as the Wailing Wall happens to stand on land belonging to a mosque. Thus the cries of the wailers compete with the muezzin's evening call to prayer from the minaret.

This, in a commendable spirit of give-and-take, the Mohammedans have accepted with characteristic philosophy. What has made trouble is the action of the Jews in putting up benches by the wall for the wailers to sit on as they wail. If it were allowed, said the owners of the site, the next thing to happen would be the erection of roofs and walls, and the ground they enclosed would then be claimed too! (The wailers would soon be claiming squatters' rights, as we should say.)

A Stately Deputation

So the benches by the Wailing Wall made trouble in Jerusalem, and, lest they should make more, the British police had them removed. That, of course, made the Jews angry in turn, and they decided to appeal against this act of tyranny. So it comes about that the Mandates Commission of the League has been hearing the appeal of a stately deputation from the Jews of Jerusalem. Was it or was it not the League's desire, they asked, that all in Jerusalem should enjoy equal freedom in the exercise of their religion?

Here was a hard nut for the Commission to crack. Yet it rose triumphantly to the occasion. One of its Swiss members, M. Rappard, remembered the milking-stools of the herdsmen in his native Alpine valleys. These are the shape of a capital T, on the cross-piece of which the milkmen sit, the seats being strapped to their waists in such a way that when they walk from one cow to another the stem of the T sticks out behind like a tail!

A Triumph of Diplomacy

Why should not the deputation go to a store in Geneva where such things could be procured, and lay in a stock of milking-stools at the Commission's expense for the wailers at the wall of Jerusalem? It was found that the owners of the mosque had no objection to the use of seats in such a way that they would certainly be removed the instant the wailing had ceased, and the deputation agreed to suggest this.

The League has been much exercised of late over the distinction between permanent and non-permanent seats on the Council, and perhaps that helped the Commission to this brilliant idea of non-permanent milking-stools by the Wailing Wall! It was a stroke of diplomacy of which the League, with all its great achievements in this sphere, may well be proud! *Picture on this page*

AN INVENTOR'S WONDERFUL CLOCK

A WONDERFUL clock has been made by Professor Nernst, the inventor of the famous electric lamp bearing his name.

The face of the clock is divided into twelve hours and sixty minutes, but each minute represents ten million years. The beginning and end of the Earth are, the professor thinks, represented by the twelve hours.

The time today would be 5.50. Two o'clock represents 2,400 million years ago, when the Sun's temperature was about 18,000 degrees. Professor Nernst thinks that life started on the Earth at about five o'clock on his timepiece, when the

temperature would have been 172 degrees, or far hotter than the hottest tropical climate in full sunshine. When his clock points to seven life will only be possible at the Equator, for the temperature will have dropped to 76 degrees below zero. The world will then become gradually colder and colder, and the end of life on the Earth will come about.

The clock dial has been made from actual calculations of the Sun's temperature, on which Professor Nernst is a world authority. It shows that life will be possible on the Earth for hundreds of millions of years yet.

WHERE THE JEWS WOULD SIT AND MOURN



Some of the Jews who go to the wall of Jerusalem to wail there for the misfortunes of their race are anxious to sit down while wailing, and as the Moslem owners of the land will not allow permanent seats the League of Nations, to whom the matter has been referred, suggests one-legged milking-stools strapped to the wailers, who will thus carry their seats with them. See column one

A HOSPITAL IN NEVER NEVER LAND

IN the Never Never Land of Australia, as they call the Northern Territory which reaches down through bush and desert to the dun plains of South Australia, a new hospital has just been opened to mitigate the loneliness and the dangers of that great space.

A settler there may have a very happy and prosperous life, but he always lives dangerously because he is so far from his few neighbours in times of trouble. There are no buses from Adelaide or Port Darwin to the homesteads of the Never Never Land's farms; and no railways that are anywhere near. For hundreds of miles there are no signs of civilisation except a single telegraph line.

The wireless, which every day binds the waste and silent places of the Earth closer together, is changing all that. At Alice Springs, where the new hospital has been built by the Australian Inland Mission, wireless has been installed. With the hospital's equipment go also the services of motor-cars and an aeroplane, so that now the remote settler in need can call the hospital up by wireless and in a few hours will receive succour.

Many a settler, and many a settler's wife, on the hundred-square-mile farm where they wrest a living from the droughty land will bless the hospital at Alice Springs, and think of it as an oasis in the desert.

A NUTSHELL FROM GENEVA

FULL OF GOOD NEWS

What is Being Done to Get the
World Right

HELPING BULGARIA

A good start has been made in two big things the League of Nations has undertaken.

They are so big that they almost take our breath away when we grasp what they mean. One is to persuade the world to give up its armies; the other is to make really true the saying "There's a good time coming, boys!"

We know how hard it is to break habits, and this bad habit of keeping armies is particularly difficult. Countries need to make sure that they will be safe without armies before they will agree to drop them. That is one point, the necessity of feeling secure. Another is that it is not only armies that count when a country wants to make war, but such things as money, railways, factories, the training and equipment of men, air forces, and so on. A League committee has made a start toward securing agreement on these questions.

The League's Plan of Work

For the "good time" that is to come for trade and industry in the future a plan of work has now been sketched out. The first thing is to find the facts of the situation as it is today, the second to inquire into the causes, and the third to find the cure. The League has divided the whole subject into sections and given instructions to guide those who are to collect the information in each section.

Two extremely practical tasks undertaken by the League which at first were thought to be almost impossible, have come to a successful end. Both Austria and Hungary now stand alone on their feet. At the June session of the Council the two men who had lived in those countries to carry out the League's scheme were recalled, and the control ceased.

Drug Control in Switzerland

Bulgaria is the next country to ask for help. Money is needed to settle the tremendous number of refugees, and as the League was able to give such great help to Greece by guaranteeing a loan it has decided to do the same for Bulgaria. The League itself does not provide the money, but it gives confidence to countries and people to do so.

The Opium Committee finds its work more than ever necessary. It will keep on urging Governments to stop smuggling until at last, for very shame, they must do it. It is not long since accusing fingers were pointed at Switzerland, a country which has large drug factories. Happily, at the committee in June, the Swiss representative was able to state that a law has now been passed, and the Government can therefore take control, which it could not do before. Would the law have been passed without the urgings of the League? we wonder.

Nuts and Nut-crackers

The knotty problem of the Council has been fully considered, as the March Assembly insisted it should be. Some distinct improvements have been suggested—nine temporary members instead of six, who shall hold office for three years and may be re-elected by the Assembly. This means that any country the Assembly thinks worthy can be practically permanent, but unfortunately Brazil is not satisfied, and it is uncertain whether she will remain in the League. It would be a loss on both sides, but it would hurt Brazil far more than the League. The nuts only come from Brazil, but it is Geneva who cracks them.

LIKE A STORY OF HERCULES COME TRUE

THE SHIRT OF NESSUS
How Fact Seems to Borrow
from Immortal Fiction

A CHILD'S HERO

An extraordinary case has come to light in the French law courts to stir a host of memories.

The story is that a manufacturer produced an artificial silk which proved explosive in use. Nitric acid entered into the composition, and was not extracted, it is said, before the yarn was used.

The result was, according to the legal argument, that a boy wearing a scarf of this material was burned to death owing to the scarf bursting into flames. Now here is a sad, real-life story recalling an immortal legend from the old Greek myths, the story of the death of Hercules.

An Old Knight-Errant

To the ancient Greeks he was the son of Jupiter dwelling on Earth as a mortal, put to terrific tasks—the Labours of Hercules, which make up the marvellous tales we read from childhood to old age; the strangling of the serpents in his baby hands, the killing of the lion sent against him, the destruction of the Hydra with nine heads, the cleansing of the Augean stables by turning a river through them, the gaining of the girdle of the Queen of the Amazons, the release of Prometheus from the rock to which he had been fixed as punishment for bringing fire from Heaven for the service of man.

So the tales run on, with the bringing of the golden apples from the Garden of the Hesperides, the battles with the giants, and so on, all stirring adventures which made him not only a god to the Greeks but the symbol of manly endurance and generous aid to the suffering and oppressed.

Hercules and the Centaur

We meet him in Homer and Hesiod and later writers; he stalks majestic and grimly humorous through the fables of Aesop. At last, as legends grow, and he remains on Earth, something must be done to dispose of him, or how shall his end be accounted for?

He is married to Deianira, who is loved by Nessus, a Centaur. The Greeks believed in a race of creatures half-horse and half-man, as they and later peoples believed in mermaids of the sea.

Nessus controlled a ferry, and received fees for conveying human passengers over it. Hercules, having to cross this river, entrusted Deianira to Nessus while he himself swam across. Nessus played him false and tried to carry off the fair Deianira, and Hercules, perceiving the act, shot the Centaur with an arrow.

The Vengeance of Nessus

Guileful to the last, Nessus told Deianira, as he was dying, that if she preserved his tunic, stained with his blood, she might use it as a love-charm to keep constant the affections of anyone she wished to love her. She believed him, and, desiring none but the affections of Hercules, she steeped one of his garments in a potion obtained from the Centaur's tunic. Hercules, on putting it on, found his flesh burned and blistered beyond endurance. With the despairing strength of a Samson, he climbed Mount Oeta, tore down the forest trees, built himself a funeral pyre, laid himself upon it, bade his faithful friend, Philoctetes, to apply a lighted brand, and perished in the flames.

The very gods grieved to see his end, the story goes, but Jupiter, his father,

A SLEEPING HILLTOP WAKES

A PUFF OF STEAM AND
WHAT IT SHOWED

Tragic Chapter in the History
of Tokachi

A SEA OF MUD

How half the little Japanese town of Kami Furano was blotted out in a sea of mud is told in a graphic letter from the Tokyo correspondent of The Times.

Ten miles away is the twin-peaked mountain Tokachi, which everybody believed to be an extinct volcano. One day it gave a little rumble and shot a puff of steam thirty feet into the air. For a fortnight it seemed uneasy. But why take notice of the grumbings of an extinct volcano? Though at last the workers in a sulphur refinery on its side took alarm and fled, those in the plain worked on.

Snow Becomes Boiling Water

Then suddenly the trouble came. In the crater of one of the peaks a lake had placidly reposed from time immemorial. The upheaving lava broke the wall of the crater and the whole lake hurled itself down the mountain-side. The crater was high above the snow-line, and the lava, as it flowed, turned the snow into boiling water and sizzling steam. Trees and rocks and tons of earth torn from the slopes of the volcano joined the lava and mud from the crater as they poured down the gully of what had been a moment before a little mountain stream.

Warned by the noise the workers in the rice-fields of the plain, and those in the doomed town, rushed for the higher land out of the track of the mud avalanche. A railway embankment across the plain gave them momentary help, but the father of an escaping family tells how he saw his wife and three children whirled off their feet, and how, as he plunged to their rescue, he was flung against a telegraph pole which miraculously held against the flood and saved him, mad with grief, to mourn their loss.

Buried in Mud

The railway lines were torn up bodily and swept along, cutting through trees and farm buildings as a grocer cuts cheese with wire. In the town rocks and tree stumps and timber threw down the wood and paper houses and buried them level under the mud. Only half the town was in the path of the flood, the rest being on higher ground to one side of it. The main street now drops sheer into a sea of mud ten miles long and four miles broad, above which not a fragment of a house projects, nothing but an occasional knoll, on which people have been marooned.

Over ten square miles the mud is spread two feet deep, in some places six feet deep, and far beyond that irrigation channels are choked. It is believed that the loss of life is not more than five hundred, but thousands have lost all they once possessed, and for them it must be many a long day before prosperity returns.

Continued from the previous column

pointed the lesson of the immortality of the soul; only the mortal part of Hercules had perished, and his immortal spirit was exalted to the skies to dwell for ever with his peers.

To this day, after more than two thousand years, men speak of the Shirt of Nessus to indicate a tortured conscience, a fatal gift, a misfortune from which there is no escape. To the poor little French boy, his scarf of artificial silk seems to have been of that kind.

Does not modern fact here seem to have borrowed from ancient fiction?

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



A giant mushroom, weighing 31 ounces, and one yard in circumference, was grown at Humberstone, Lincolnshire.

The Boy Scouts of Fiji have obtained a grant of ten acres of land, which they are calling Baden-Powell Park.

In Quebec Province there are over 3000 miles of motor roads, of which 2700 miles are in excellent order.

Wembley Sold

The Wembley Exhibition, on which three millions were expended, has been sold for £300,000.

A Post-Graduate Course

Charles Milner has just joined the Sheffield police after taking the degrees of B.A. and LL.B. at Cambridge University.

Much and Little

A farthing lay beside a £100 banknote in a collection at the stone-laying of a church hall in the Downham estate at Catford, London.

Bringing Coal to England

Since the beginning of the coal stoppage the imports of foreign coal into England have risen from fifty tons to about 200,000 tons a week.

25s. Become £160

While repairing a secondhand suit of clothes she had bought for 25s. a woman at Cray's Hill, Billericay, found 800 dollar notes in the lining.

Coué

Dr. Coué, the famous apostle of optimism, who taught thousands to believe in getting better by believing that they were better, has died in France.

A Wooden Pipe

A sixteen-foot wooden pipe, made of staves and metal hoops, has been constructed in California for bringing water down a hillside to a power-house.

Precious Mica

The largest piece of mica ever discovered was taken out of a Carolina mine the other day. It weighed 3300 pounds and was valued at about £1000.

Afghanistan and Shakespeare

The Amir of Afghanistan has sent £150 for the Memorial Theatre to Shakespeare, "whose rich literature is read and loved throughout the world."

61 Years With One Firm

After having worked for 61 years for the Butterley Ironwork Company, Derbyshire, Mr. A. Gibson, of Ironville, has retired.

Millions from Motor Licences

Over a million and a half motor licences are in use in Britain, and the revenue from this source in the last six months amounted to more than £15,000,000.

Unknown Man's Gift to the Nation

A patriotic man from Sussex, who wishes to be anonymous, has made a present to the nation of Government bonds to the value of £18,000, which have been duly cancelled.

A Prime Minister to the Rescue

When their boat capsized during a fishing expedition, the Prime Minister of Japan and his secretary saved two police bodyguards who were with them but could not swim.

The Oldest Oddfellow

Mr. John Robinson, a native of Mansfield, the oldest Oddfellow in England, has died at the great age of 105 years. He lately made a 20-minute speech at an Oddfellows Conference.

Passports Overboard

The steward on a French liner accidentally threw 45 passports overboard on a recent voyage. The passengers had a great deal of difficulty in clearing immigration authorities at New York.

London's New Fire Engine

The splendid new firefloat for London, Beta III, pictures of which were given in last week's C.N., was built by Messrs. Merryweather & Co., the famous fire-engine manufacturers, whose engines go all over the world.

THE BEE IN THE CLOVER

What it is Doing for Us
SEVEN LEAVES FOR THREE

A great work is being done just now by men and bees.

At Slough the plant-growers are raising a seven-leaved clover, which, besides being a notable feat in plant-breeding, represents some of the advantages conferred on the world by the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before.

It is a way of making grassland more profitable, because if a clover crop carries seven leaves instead of three or four the crop is much heavier and provides more food for stock.

As yet the seven-leaved clover is a fancy plant. It has to prove that it can stay a seven-leaved commonplace vegetable, instead of wandering back into the three-leaved habits of its ancestors, before it can be put on the market.

But if it does establish itself some of the credit will go to the old-fashioned British humble-bee, which has been called in to fertilise the newcomer. The bee is caught quietly and quickly in any old matchbox. Next, all the pollen that he may have accumulated in his wanderings from flower to flower is carefully washed from him. Lastly he is liberated with another bee in a glass and gauze-covered box where the clover plants are growing. Then it is left to him to do the rest, and bring the new variety into this wonderful world.

WHAT ARE THE COAL MINES WORTH?

Perhaps About 200 Million Pounds

There is naturally not a little curiosity to know how much capital has been involved in the coal stoppage, but estimates are very hard to get.

The Coal Commission reported that it had proved impossible to obtain either a satisfactory definition or a satisfactory estimate of the capital against which profits are to be measured.

The Sankey Commission of 1919 put the pre-war total at 135 million pounds, and at the Inquiry under Lord Buckmaster it was stated that seventy millions of fresh capital had been put into the industry since 1914. Mr. Stephen Walsh, M.P., the miners' leader, puts the total at 180 millions, and the actual figure may pretty clearly be somewhere between these two amounts of 205 and 180 million pounds, a tremendous sum of money.

KEEPING FIT

Doctor on the Doctor's Duty

The doctor's proper function, said Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter the other day, is not to patch people up but to teach people to keep fit.

Fresh air, fresh water, fresh food, and a good drainage system were, he said, the essentials of good health both for cities and men.

People should drink more fresh water and eat wholemeal bread, raw vegetables and fruits, and less tinned food.

England, said Sir Bruce, has no more tragic sight than stacks of vegetables rotting in the country when not enough live food comes into the cities to feed the population.

It was a reflection on British employers that men should be afraid to see the doctor in case it meant losing their job. Henry Ford had had his men medically examined, and had found that there was no physical disability, from blindness to the loss of a limb, that need prevent a man earning his living.

A NEW ZEALAND WONDER

BRITISH SALMON FOR HER RIVERS

One of the Triumphs of Natural Colonisation

SUCCESS TO THOSE WHO WORK AND WAIT

The anglers of New Zealand are excited and gratified by a great success in acclimatising salmon from the Motherland, and from the United States and Canada, in their rivers and lakes. British trout they have long had in plenty, great bouncing fellows: rainbow trout up to 20 pounds, salmon trout up to 37 pounds.

Salmon, however, kings of the river fish, are another matter. They may be said to have become native to New Zealand waters for 20 years; but recently fishery experts from America and British Columbia have been to New Zealand to see for themselves, and have pronounced the feat a great and unique triumph. Atlantic and New World salmon are now, they say, an established feature of New Zealand fresh waters.

A Victory of Endeavour

The two species of salmon which our beautiful Dominion now possesses are our own true salmon and the New World quinnat, an American variant of our own sportive beauty, named quinnat by the Red Indians, who use the word to mean glittering. Both salmon and quinnat are now settled in New Zealand waters from eggs carried years ago from England and America.

We have stocked New Zealand with bird and beast and insect, with flower, fruit, and herbage, and we have given her foster-children for her streams, which is possibly the most remarkable thing of all. As long ago as 1863 we began to send her salmon eggs, millions of them. Our salmon eggs are laid in winter to develop in spring, but in New Zealand the seasons are reversed, a difficulty for British fish-ova hatching which readily presents itself. To get to New Zealand the eggs have to cross the fiery Equator, yet they must not experience a temperature greater than that to which baby salmon are accustomed in the head waters of their chilly native streams.

Success After Failure

It is a story of many chapters—indeed of whole books; a story of addled eggs, crushed eggs, mildewed, overheated, jostled, broken, hopeless eggs; eggs whose gathering cost us the life of one of our finest naturalists, Frank Buckland, son of the great dean.

But everything comes to him who works and waits. We put the eggs on ice; we improved and improved in packing them; we learned to keep fungus and other parasites from them; we found out by trial which snow-fed streams made good hatcheries and what was the correct stage at which to collect the eggs, what were the ideal precautions for the baby salmon when at last they were permitted to come to life half the world away from the spot in which the ova were produced.

What Will the Result Be?

And now what will the fish do with their new heritage? Will competition keep them in check, or will they so increase as to choke rivers, arrest the progress of boats and ships, and so pack themselves for spawning in up-river reaches, lakes, and pebbly rills as to make the water almost solid?

New Zealand's is the gain and glory, but half the eggs and all the pioneering work were ours, and we take a benevolent parental interest in these new natives of her beautiful watercourses. We have tried equally hard for Australia, but there, so far, Nature has jealously repelled our efforts and kept her continental rivers salmonless.

LOOKING FOR FLOWERS

Tremendous Journey of Two Englishwomen

BLOOMS FROM THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

Some of the most beautiful wild flowers in the world are in northern Canada and Alaska, and two Englishwomen have started on a journey of thousands of miles to bring some of them to the Museum at Kew Gardens.

They are Miss Clara Rogers, of Truro, and Miss Gwendoline Dorrien-Smith, of the Isle of Wight. Both have been wide travellers and both were nurses in the war. Reaching Edmonton by train, they have already set out for the head waters of the mighty Mackenzie River system, whence they travel by boat to Fort McPherson, near the Mackenzie delta, a tremendous journey in itself.

From there they go up the Mackenzie's tributary, the Peel River, whence they will cross the watershed on horseback to Rat River, which flows into Porcupine River, which flows into Yukon River. Following all these, they embark at Seward for Vancouver, "and so home."

Much of their way will be gay with flowers, like the Bernese Oberland in May. Classified lists of 250 plants exist already. Fort McPherson and the Porcupine are sixty miles within the Arctic Circle.

THREE CHEERS FOR WIRELESS

How it Saved a Contract

A shipbuilding firm near Newcastle recently saved a valuable contract by the help of wireless.

They had tendered for repairs to a big liner, and would have got the contract but for the outbreak of the strike. The ship was sent to Rotterdam to be repaired after the strike had broken out, but she had not reached there when the strike ended. The shipbuilders at once wired to the owners, and persuaded them to send a wireless message to the vessel. The message was received, the liner turned back to Newcastle, and the contract was saved for the British firm.

THE NATION'S INCOME

Nearly Three Thousand Millions

The estimated income of the nation, say the Inland Revenue Commissioners, is now 2900 million pounds, over £1 a week for every one of us.

Of this the Inland Revenue took 510 millions in Income Tax, Super Tax, and Death Duties. Super Tax was paid on incomes over £2000 by 87,000 people, and 124 of them had incomes of over £100,000. Death duties were paid on 106,000 estates, but 26,000 of these were £300 or less. One estate was over three millions and there were twelve between one and two millions.

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF ALL

By the Prime Minister

We carry in our hearts what is the innermost core of the British Constitution. We have the widest franchise. We have a party system susceptible to public opinion in the country, and we legislate in accordance with that opinion. We have these things, and we know in our hearts that no revolutionary change can give us a more democratic freedom. The nobles and merchants centuries ago established their rights against the arbitrary authority of the Crown, and the divine right of kings ceased. Our people are not going to throw over Parliament to set up divine right either of the capitalist or of the trade unionist, and we are not going to bow down to a dictatorship of either.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

Fall of the Bastille

On July 14, 1789, fell the Bastille.

How much the greatest event it is that ever happened in the world! And how much the best! CHARLES JAMES FOX

Thus, in any case, with what rubs soever, shall the Bastille be abolished from our Earth; and with it Feudalism, Despotism, and, one hopes, Scoundrelism generally, and all hard usages of man by his brother man.

Alas, the Scoundrelism and hard usage are not so easy of abolition! But as for the Bastille, it sinks day after day, and month after month. Crowds of the curious roam through its caverns; gaze on the skeletons found walled-up, on the iron-cages, monstrous stone-blocks with padlock chains. Able editors compile books from the Bastille archives, from what of them remain unburned. The key of that robber-den shall cross the Atlantic, shall lie on Washington's hall-table. The great clock ticks now in a private patriotic clockmaker's apartment; no longer measuring hours of mere heaviness. Vanished is the Bastille. CARLYLE

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What is the Depth of the Strait of Dover?
The Strait of Dover varies in depth from 36 feet to 174 feet.

Did British Soldiers Wear Khaki in the South African War?
Yes; it was the first big war in which the whole army was clothed in khaki.

What Happens to Mud Huts in Tropical Lands when Rain Falls?
Sometimes in great storms the huts are wrecked and washed away, but usually they are covered with grass or reeds to protect them.

What was Hearth Money?
An unpopular tax of two shillings on every hearth imposed by Parliament in 1663 and abolished in 1689. Under the name Chimney Money it dates, as a tax paid by custom, from the Norman Conquest.

Is Monday Midnight in England Midday on Tuesday in New Zealand?
Time travels from East to West round the world, so that when it is midnight in England it is midday of the next day near New Zealand.

Why Does a Snake Hiss?
It hisses for the same reason that a dog or a tiger growls, because it is angry or trying to scare an enemy. It is the only sound that it can make because it has no vocal cords. It hisses by breathing through a soft glottis.

How Do Astronomers Derive Their Income?

Many of them hold official posts as Government astronomers; others are professors of astronomy or lecturers on that subject at universities; and others have other posts, spending only part of their time in the study of astronomy.

What is the Food Value of the Mussel?
Dr. Robert Hutchinson, the great food authority, says the food value of the mussel is very similar to that of the oyster, which he analyses thus: Water 88.3, nitrogenous substances 6.1, fat 1.4, carbohydrates 3.3, salts 1.9. These are percentages.

How May Ants be Destroyed in a Garden?

There is really no need to destroy them, for they are friends rather than foes, destroying many insect pests and doing no harm to flowers. To keep them off a rose tree or other plant wind a piece of wool round the stem, and they will not traverse it. To get rid of a nest dig it up and fill the cavity with gas lime, or pour in a strong decoction of elder leaves at night.

What is Cuckoo Spit?
Cuckoo spit is the froth which we often see on plants in the garden during the summer. It is caused by an insect pest, known as the froghopper, in its larval stage sucking the juices out of the tender shoots of the growing plants as a covering for itself. The insect will always be found inside this froth. The best way to get rid of the pest and froth together is to wash them off with water from a syringe.

A DISAPPOINTING COMET

THE PERSEID METEORS

Fragments that Come from the Depths of Space

THE EARTH LEAVING SATURN BEHIND

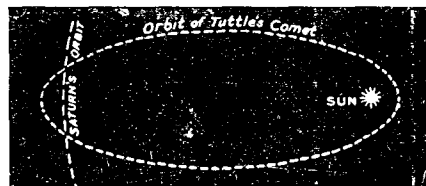
By the C.N. Astronomer

The planet Saturn may be seen near the Moon on Monday evening, July 19, when he will be about five times the Moon's apparent width below her.

The light evenings and the bright moonlight just now obscure all but a few of the stellar glories of the heavens. Saturn himself now appears much dimmed, partly by the prevailing light but also by the increasing distance between him and our world. For the Earth is now rapidly leaving Saturn behind, so that he is nearly a hundred million miles farther off than in May, when he was at his nearest to us.

This lovely ringed world is now, therefore, over 900 million miles away; and in six weeks' time will be scarcely seen in the twilight of the western sky.

With Saturn is passing Tuttle's comet. This is also in the south-west sky in the evening, travelling into the southern



Orbit of Tuttle's Comet relative to that of Saturn

heavens on its long journey far beyond the Sun to the orbit of Saturn.

The comet is quite invisible to us now, and indeed provided a poor spectacle this spring, when it returned from its remote *aphelion* region, 975 million miles from the Sun. Only a few observers saw it, including one at Bergedorf and another at Nice. This last was in March, when Tuttle's comet was almost at its nearest to the Earth, and considerably brighter. But for observers with small optical aid it was, like Ensor's comet, very disappointing.

Tuttle's comet is, nevertheless, of very great interest, partly on account of its association with Saturn—it is one of his small family of comets—and also because of the display of meteors which we hope to see in the course of the next four weeks.

A Wonderful Thought

These are known to follow in the wake of Tuttle's comet, and, in fact, are believed to have once been part of the comet. So it will thus come about that many of these meteoric particles, which were, seven years ago, nearly a thousand million miles away, in the region of Saturn's orbit and possibly in the vicinity of Saturn himself, will finally become part of our world. When they flash across our sky in the familiar streaks of light known as shooting stars we shall see them being burned up in our atmosphere less than 100 miles away.

Still more wonderful is the thought that these meteors, known as the Perseids, may once have been part of Saturn himself. For there is good reason for believing that these small inter-planetary comets owe their origin to violent eruptions, long ages ago, on the great hot planets of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. Thus it becomes quite possible that the smaller worlds, like the Earth, Mars, Venus, and even the Moon, may grow by accretion at the expense of the great planets. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Venus east, Mars south. In the evening Mercury north-west, Saturn south-west, Jupiter south-east.

SMITH OF ST. QUENTIN'S

A Risky Adventure

By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 31

Fruppeny Changes His Mind

THERE was something so strangely sinister in this vision of the gaunt Mr. Lapp thus glimpsed in silhouette from the path below, and so suggestive of some great bird of prey, that though it dissolved and was lost as their closer approach changed the angle of aspect its impression remained fixed in Fruppeny's mind as he followed into the house and along the stone passage to enter the low-roofed apartment beneath his bedroom.

It appeared, then, that there were only two sitting-rooms in use, this and the smaller one at the front where breakfast was taken. Yet next to the smaller one was the door of a third apartment, and this morning, when idly fingering its door-knob in passing, the knob turned in his hand, but the door had not given. He had wondered if this third door had jammed or was locked.

Having limped across Lapp lowered himself into his chair while Mr. Hatz moved to the window and drew up the blind, glancing queerly at Fruppeny as he did so.

"As we came back just now, Smith," he said, "you may have noticed that the blinds were drawn? That is friend Lapp's doing." At Fruppeny's stare he laughed, but the laugh sounded forced. "Lapp's eyes are very weak and can't stand this strong light, Smith."

The motionless figure in the chair made no comment.

But Fruppeny did, remembering his driver's story. He said, "They call this the House with Drawn Blinds because all the time it stood empty the blinds were kept down."

"Fish!" exclaimed Mr. Hatz. "Who told you that?"

"The man who drove me here from the coastguard station."

"Did he tell you anything else?"

"No. What could he tell me?"

"Yokels," sneered his host, "are always rare gossips, and what they don't know they invent, and they'll swallow anything. If a house remains unoccupied for a time, Smith, they'll clap all sorts of cock-and-bull stories on to it. Never believe what they tell you. That's the safe policy."

"But, sir," Fruppeny ventured, "it is a bit lonely here. The sort of place—"

"Well, the sort of place what?" Hatz asked sharply.

"Oh, nothing," Fruppeny muttered; and left it at that.

A feeling came to him that Hatz had been chattering about the locals and so forth just for the sake of keeping the ball of talk rolling until the silent figure in the chair by the hearth chose to speak. He had the sensation, too, that his restless-eyed host was in some way or another afraid of that lame, brooding being. An extraordinary fancy this, but he could not suppress it.

All the while he was conscious of Lapp's deep and inscrutable gaze, which seemed to follow him whichever way he turned, as the eyes of a picture will follow one about a room. He shifted under it with intense discomfort.

"Tell us all about your school life!" cried Hatz.

So he began on Tidegate, taking great care to remember that he wasn't supposed to be himself but John Andrew. Once or twice at first he nearly tripped up, but he got through, wondering all the time what his auditors would say if they knew, and whether Hatz was truthfully longing for young society. For somehow the effusive terms of Hatz's invitation to John Andrew did not in the least fit the actual appearances!

True, appearances were deceptive; of course, he knew that. But why had Hatz never mentioned Lapp in his letter, implying, on the contrary, that he was alone? Why had Hatz lied just now about last night's voices? If he and Mr.

Lapp liked to sit up and talk, why shouldn't they? But why pretend that they hadn't? What had brought the pair to this lonely house with no other servant but one who could say and hear nothing? Had Hatz lived up to his professions about young society?

And with this there vanished altogether from Fruppeny's mind any lingering compunction about playing a part. His sense of obligation to tell his host who he was found itself in conflict with his misgivings that all was not above-board with Hatz, whose invitation seemed to have some deeper motive than the mere inclination for company.

So compunction went and Fruppeny changed his mind. For only yesterday, coming down in the train, he had decided that it wouldn't be playing the game to accept hospitality under false pretences. Therefore, he had meant to make a clean breast to his host, to apologise; and if he found him jolly and cordial, as he anticipated, had hoped to be accepted in John Andrew's place. Last night, however, the circumstances of his arrival had rendered immediate confession both difficult and untimely; and the rising uneasiness which had pervaded him since had prompted postponement until a more favourable chance. Therefore he had not spoken.

And now he would not speak.

Not yet. At this moment, while he sat and answered Hatz's questions—Hatz with his eyes that were never at rest for an instant, but kept shifting to and from the man by the hearth—Fruppeny's intention to disclose the substitution was deliberately, though with some trepidation, shelved. He agreed with himself to take it down from its shelf if, but only if, his suspicions wronged Hatz. But otherwise he felt at entire liberty either to play his part or reveal himself, as it suited him. "For if these men are not playing straight with John Andrew," thought he, "I've a perfect right to keep something up my sleeve as well. So mum's the word. I must wait and see how the cat jumps."

CHAPTER 32

The Post-Box

FRUPPENY came to this decision while he was narrating his doings at school, chattering away though his thoughts were occupied otherwise; but it became necessary to summon his concentration when Mr. Hatz led the conversation away and began to ask him questions about Mr. Burford.

"Your guardian, now," he said, after one or two commonplaces, "did he say anything at all about writing to you?"

"About writing to me here?"

"Yes, of course," said Hatz, watching him.

The watchfulness was not lost at all on Fruppeny, though he felt that the general sense of being watched which possessed him might be leading him to exaggerate his impressions. So, with an effort to overcome this unpleasant sensation, he gave a little laugh and said, "I don't know."

But immediately, in fear that he had betrayed himself, he added, "You see, I don't know because Mr. Burford's away."

"But you have his address, no doubt?"

The man in the chair had broken his brooding silence by opening his veiled eyes to throw in this question. Its suddenness and abruptness made Fruppeny start, but he veered round and answered that he had not the address.

"You haven't it?"

"No," he repeated, still facing Lapp.

And so, as he had his back turned to Mr. Hatz, he did not catch the queer gleam of satisfaction which flashed across that gentleman's face at his answer.

"H'm!" Hatz uttered. "H'm!" And his fingers played nervously with his lips the while he seemed to be waiting for Lapp to proceed. But Lapp's head had sunk again on his chest. "H'm!" said Hatz again; and when Fruppeny eyed him: "Well, then, you can't write to your guardian. Come, come, that's a pity!"

And with his trick of muttering under his breath he kept on repeating: "A pity—a pity—a pity!" While for the life of him Fruppeny couldn't resist the impression that Mr. Hatz meant anything but a pity.

However, that had joggled the elbow of memory. "Would you mind," he suggested, "excusing me now?"

The drawn, parchment face by the hearth was raised to his own.

"What is it? What's the matter?" said Mr. Lapp.

"I've got a letter to write," replied Fruppeny quietly.

"But you don't know your guardian's address." This had come from his host.

"No," exclaimed Fruppeny, "no! It isn't to him."

"Then who—?" Hatz had begun; but Lapp raised his hand, and the gesture stilled the words on the other's lips. "Yes, run away and write it," was all Lapp remarked. But as Fruppeny went and was drawing the door to behind him he heard a movement of the high-backed chair by the hearth, and caught a growl which sounded as though the chair's occupant had turned angrily to fling some words at the other man. Then, for the first time in his life, Fruppeny eavesdropped, standing quite still and listening. But all that he distinguished were one or two words: "Slowly does it—be careful; don't frighten the lad."

When he had gained his own room he turned these words over and over, almost certain that something was intended against his namesake, but unable to imagine what it could be. So, uneasy and bewildered, he took out his writing materials and sat down to write his letter to his father, deciding, in the circumstances and after some thought, to supplement the particulars of his arrival with a rather detailed description of his whereabouts so that in case of need he could soon be reached. But he did his best to introduce this very naturally, not only lest he should be doing Hatz an injustice, but also to avoid alarming his people.

He felt much better as he fastened the envelope and slipped it into his pocket. The next thing was to post it. But where was the pillar-box? Of course he must take care to post it himself, for if the others saw it the name and address

might lead them to ask awkward questions.

As he was standing, pondering, out came the Sun again, to stream across the ocean into his room. To bathe himself in the sunshine he flung wide the window, and though this brought the sobbing of the sea nearer, his misgivings of a few minutes since seemed to fade and appear so ridiculous that he felt ashamed. What was there, he demanded of himself angrily, that these two men could wrongly want of John Andrew? In what way could they menace him? They did not know him. And one of them, as well, was a friend of his guardian! Oh, it was nonsense!

So there he stood and chided himself for his fears, until the summons to lunch resounded downstairs.

Through the meal no allusion was made to the talk of the morning. Mr. Hatz chattered volubly and amusingly, telling story after story of far-away lands. He seemed to have travelled everywhere and have seen everything, and recited his adventures with such entertainment that Fruppeny was sorry when the meal finished. With his vague dislike of his host considerably lessened he inquired where a post-box was to be found.

"Ah," smiled Mr. Hatz, "that letter of yours?"

Fruppeny nodded. He intended to post it himself.

"Well, there isn't a pillar-box nearer than Spardle Bay. What do you say to that?" cried Mr. Hatz.

"I'd enjoy the tramp to Spardle Bay," he replied.

The other laughed outright.

"That's good!" he exclaimed. "I'm glad to see, my friend, that you're fond of a stretch. You and I will get on together like smoke. But you don't suppose that when I took this house over I was going to exile myself so far from a post-box?"

"Then you have got one?"

Mr. Hatz laughed again.

"Oh, of course! You come with me. I'll show you where to post your letter."

He led the way out-of-doors and explained as they went.

"Before I settled down here," he said, "I arranged with the Post Office people at Ottersfoot to fix my own post-box, and they send every evening to clear it. Quite a professional box, too, as you'll say when you see it. Round this corner. There you are! Now, what do you think of it?"

He had halted before a heavy construction of iron which had been fixed to the face of a slab of rock. Except that it was not painted red but black, and displayed no tablet to state the collection hours, it was palpably much the same sort of wall-letter-box as those which are frequently found in remoter districts.

Its proprietor gave it a possessive tap with his stick.

"There!" he repeated proudly. "That's as safe as a church, Smith. The postman's the only person who's got a key."

Then he stood aside, while Fruppeny dropped in his letter, feeling his distrust of his companion dissolve more and more. For how easily could the latter have held out his hand for the letter in an entirely natural offer to drop it in for him had he been curious to discover its destination!

"A very nibby arrangement, sir," Fruppeny uttered.

"Yes," answered Mr. Hatz, with the faintest of smiles.

It was but a few steps from the house, and on their way back they met the deaf-and-dumb woman descending the narrow path. As he drew to the side to give her more room Fruppeny fancied that her eyes sought his own with a question. He had no doubt that she had seen them go to the box, but what business was it of hers if he posted a letter?

What business of hers? He wondered what her eyes asked him. And deciding that it was all his imagination he hastened to overtake his pausing companion.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Secret Book

IN 1703 there was a grand funeral in the City of London of a man who was much respected for several reasons.

He had lived retired for fifteen years on a considerable fortune which he had accumulated during a busy life. In retirement he had not been idle. He had paid so much attention to the study of science that he was appointed President of the Royal Society. In his will he had left his fine library and his papers to Magdalene College, Cambridge. He was a friend of famous men, and he had had a useful career as a Government official.

As a young man, after leaving Cambridge, he had been helped by a distant kinsman, who made him his secretary. This kinsman rose to be an earl in command of the British fleet, and saw that his poor relation had a post in the Navy as a clerk. But the young man afterwards helped himself by thoroughly mastering whatever work he had to do, and by doing it industriously.

It soon became known that if anything had to be done well he was the man to do it. So he rose rapidly, passing from one post to another till at last he became Secretary to the Admiralty. All the while he was gathering in wealth; and so, when King James the Second, who had been the commander of the fleet before he came to the throne, and a friend of this competent official, fled from England never to return, his faithful and able helper retired into private life exceedingly well off.

When he was buried in St. Olave's, near the docks, where much of his working life had been passed, he was given an imposing funeral and tomb; but after a hundred years he had left, only in official minds, the reputation of an able public worker. Then something happened which made his name famous and will keep it fresh in memory as long as the English language is read.

Among the books and papers he bequeathed to his old college was found a diary, in which he had written in a shorthand of his own a complete record of his life for over nine years, a most frank and secret record intended for no eye but his own. A studious parson named John Smith deciphered the shorthand, and six volumes of the secret diary were eventually published.

The diary gives such a picture of England in the reign of Charles the Second as without it could not have been imagined now. It tells us, for instance, of the



Great Plague and the Great Fire as they were seen on the spot; and it pictures, too, the life and character of the writer with a fullness and a candour unequalled. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

Now the Lawn is Twinkling with Happy Tears of Dew

D! MERRYMAN

"I've read that the first man who ever carried an umbrella in the streets was mobbed."

"By people who wanted to be the first to borrow it, I suppose."

Birds in Hiding

THE following clues indicate the names of eight birds. Can you find out what they are?

A long piece of timber, and a line.
Husks of corn, and a measure.
To devour.

A personal pronoun, and a preposition.

Three-quarters of a planet, and a metal.

A sovereign, and an angler.

An adjective expressing velocity.

A toy. *Solutions next week*

WHEN is a sick man a contradiction?

When he is an impatient patient.

Do You Live at Dorchester?

DORCHESTER is, of course, like all places with the termination "chester," an old Roman camp. The name means the camp of Dore, but who he was no one can say. It is possible, though not probable, that the "dore" is not a surname but an adjective meaning dark, so that Dorchester would mean the dark camp.

Hats of the World



Negress, U.S.A. Indian Villager

The Food Problem

A MONKEY escaped from the Zoo. Inquired, "What's a fellow to do? Although freedom is grand, Nuts are scarce in the Strand, And I find that bananas are too!"

WHY does a glass-blower think he can make the alphabet gallop? Because he can make a de-canter.

Mary Preferred a Little Lamb



A QUIANT little girl known as Mary Said she'd like to milk cows for a dairy,

But the first cow she met Made her feel quite upset— It looked horrid and horny and hairy!

A Splendid Trick

MR. SMITH: "I saw a very clever conjurer last night. He turned a rabbit into a cabbage."

Mr. Jones: "That's nothing. I can do better myself. Every night I turn my dog into a kennel!"

WHAT is everything in the world doing at the same time? Growing older.

Sarcasm



"THIS rose of mine," crowed Snip, "will beat

All others at our Show. A finer bloom, as you'll admit, Was never seen to blow."

But Snap was jealous, so he said In sneering tones, "Oh, yes! If as a cabbage it competes 'Twill win First Prize, I guess!"

A Little Goes a Long Way

DINER: "This steak is a very small one, waiter."

The New Waiter: "Yes, sir; but you'll find that it will take you a long while to eat it."

Beheaded Words

MY whole, a useful article, Is found in every house. Behead me, I form part of you, Also part of a mouse. Cut off my head again, I'm that Which you would find you'd need If placed within an air-tight place. My friends, to this give heed. *Solution next week*

WHY is a bill like an old chair? Because one is receipted and the other reseated.

A Boy Wanted

"You want three pounds a week? Why, boy, This surely must be fun! Why, when I first became a clerk They paid me only one."

Holding the door ajar, he said (This boy of humble birth): "But when they paid you one, perhaps 'Twas all that you were worth!"

Wasted Kindness

SYDNEY SMITH once found a little girl stroking a turtle.

"Why are you doing that?" he said.

"Oh, to please the turtle." "Why," said he, "you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter."

What Is It?

To a word of consent add one half of a fright; Next subjoin what you never behold in the night; These rightly connected, you'll quickly obtain What numbers have seen but will ne'er see again. *Answer next week*

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Hidden Trees

Box, larch, bay, willow(l), maple, elder, palm, pine.

A Picture Puzzle

The objects in the picture were house, motor, rope, saucepan, leg. By taking one letter from each word we get lemur, horse, mouse, goose.

A Geometrical Word. Tobacco

Do You Know Me? Wicket-keeper

Jacko Makes a Scene

JACKO's luck was out the day he borrowed Adolphus's motor-cycle when Adolphus wasn't looking. He hadn't got half-way down the street before a policeman stopped him and asked him for his licence.

Of course Jacko hadn't got a licence, and that made the policeman angry. He wrote down a lot of things in his notebook, and then he escorted Jacko back home and asked to see his father.

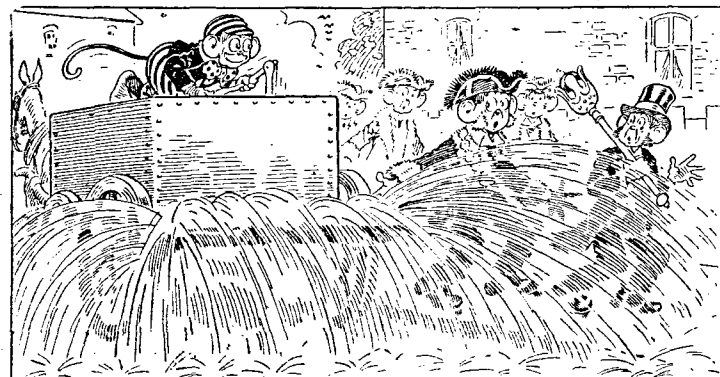
There was a hullabaloo; and when Mr. Jacko had said all he wanted to say Adolphus said a lot more. And, last of all, the policeman took Jacko off to the Mayor.

"Let his Worship speak to him," he said to Mr. Jacko; "that will be a lesson to him."

Jacko was terrified when he was shown into the Mayor's room, and the policeman came out with a long string of his misdoings. The Mayor had eyes like an eagle, and he looked at Jacko so piercingly that that young gentleman really did tremble in his shoes.

"Coo! I'll be sent to prison," he said to himself dismally.

Unfortunately for him the Mayor was in a bad temper that afternoon. He had only a minute to spare before putting on



A shower of water shot all over the road

his heavy robes to walk in a procession to open a new wing of the Town Hall. And as it was a hot day he didn't like the idea of it at all. He said that what Jacko wanted was a good whipping, and that he would write to his father and tell him to give him one.

"I've had one whipping already," said Jacko miserably.

"Well, another won't hurt you!" snapped the Mayor. And he told the policeman to take Jacko away.

Jacko was very glad to get out of the room, especially as the policeman seemed to have had enough of him and told him to go home. But, as home wasn't a very healthy spot for him just at the moment, Jacko preferred to hang about the streets.

He forgot all his troubles when he saw a deserted water-cart standing by the side of the road. In a twinkling he was up in the driver's seat, urging the horse along the road.

It really was great fun. When you pulled a lever a shower of water shot out in all directions and washed down the roadway. And suddenly Jacko caught sight of something which made his eyes fairly dance with mischief. It was the procession headed by the Mayor, looking very grand in his red robes.

"What he wants is a good wetting," said Jacko to himself. And just as the procession came alongside he suddenly pulled his lever and shot a shower of water all over the road.

The Mayor and Councillors scattered in all directions, their fine robes dripping. Such a scene had never been known in Monkeyville. Unfortunately for Jacko, there was another scene at Jacko's home, a rather painful one, that evening.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Brave Girl

Violet Hauka, a seven-year-old Hawaiian girl of Hilo, rescued a younger sister and a playmate, who were drifting out to sea in a boat. A servant at a residence on the beach noticed that the boat with the two children was drifting out to sea, and she ran for help. But Violet, in a moment, stripped off her clothes and swam after the boat.

She had to swim for a quarter of a mile before she caught up with it, but in time she caught its hawser and towed it back to the beach again.

Une Fillette Courageuse

Violette Hauka, une fillette hawaïenne de Hilo, âgée de sept ans, secourut sa sœur cadette ainsi qu'une compagne, qui partaient à la dérive dans un bateau. La servante d'une maison sur la plage remarqua que le bateau, portant les deux enfants, dérivait au large, et elle courut chercher du secours. Mais Violette se déshabilla en un tour de main et partit à la nage.

Elle dut faire un quart de mille avant d'atteindre le bateau, mais elle réussit enfin à saisir l'amarré et remorqua l'embarcation jusqu'au rivage.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Gipsy Boy

LOLA went to her friend Betty's birthday party one summer's day. The weather was beautiful. They played in the hay and paddled in the little brook, and at tea-time there were all sorts of delicious things to eat.

When the good-byes were said Betty's dear old Granny slipped a bright new shilling into the hot little hand of each guest, and whispered, "Good luck, dearie."

Lola hadn't far to walk home and didn't mind going alone—it was only across two fields and down the road a bit. The shilling she held pressed in her hand, and she thought of all the good luck that had come, for now she would be able to buy that little book of poems for Mummy's birthday, because Mummy loved poetry so much.

As Lola went to climb over the second stile something stopped her. Sitting on the top and gazing hard at the full Moon was a ragged little gipsy.

"Hello!" he said, seeing Lola waiting. "Have you ever seen anything as lovely as that before?"—pointing to the Moon—"the New Silver Shilling I call it. The shine never seems to get rubbed off. The gold comes off the buttercups, but that is always bright."



He pointed to the Moon

"What about the Sun?" said Lola.

"The Sun is a golden sovereign," the gipsy replied.

"Wouldn't you like a sovereign instead?" asked Lola.

"No," he said. "I should be too rich and it would burn my hands. But the Silver Shilling up there, I wish I could play with it sometimes!"

Then the little ragged boy got off the stile and Lola climbed over; but as she passed him she slipped her shilling into his hand, saying, "For your lovely ideas." Then she ran down the road, leaving him staring at a small bright moon in his hand.

"I shan't be able to give Mummy that book after all," thought Lola, "but never mind; I'm going to write some poems for her myself about the shilling in the sky that belongs to us all!"

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

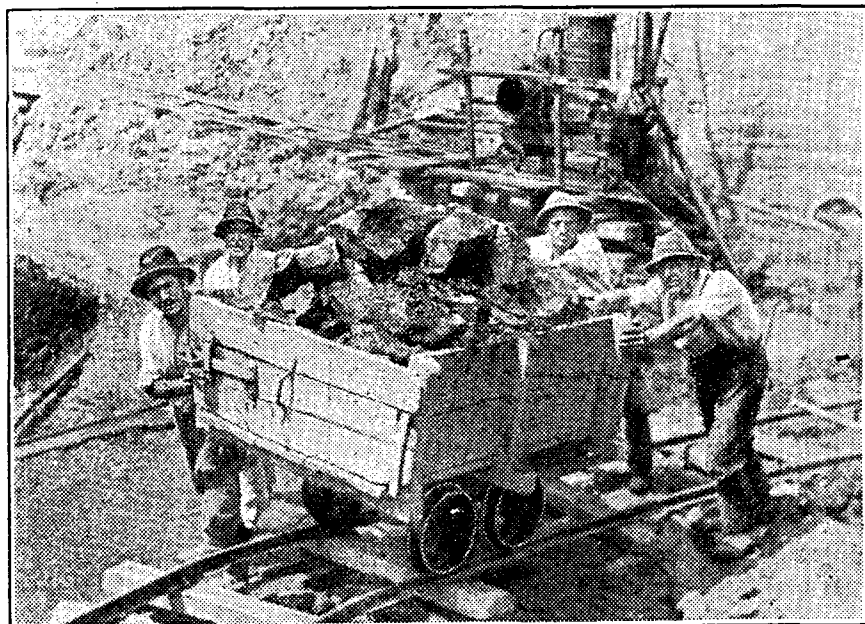
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 17, 1926

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

LIGNITE FOR FUEL • MONKEY TAKES A PHOTOGRAPH • BIGGEST AIR LINER



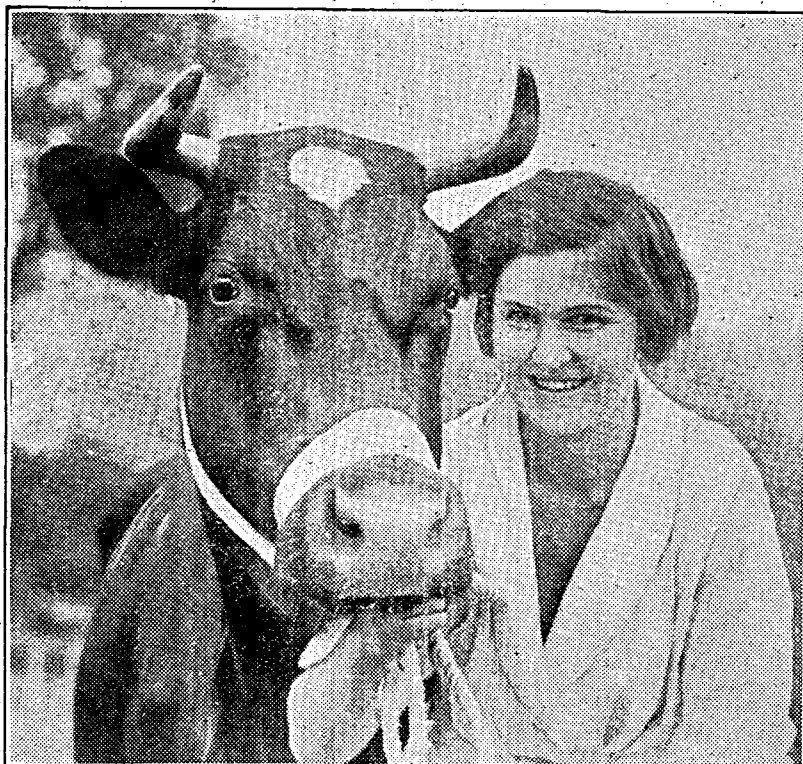
Lignite in Place of Coal—Lignite, which is wood not completely turned into coal, is found in Devonshire, near Bovey Tracey. During the coal stoppage it has been greatly in demand, and here we see a truckload of the fuel being taken to the railway by the quarrymen



The Foundlings Say Good-bye—The scene when the boys and girls of the famous Foundling Hospital finally left their old home in Bloomsbury for a camp at Pangbourne, as shown in this picture, will become historic. Later on they will occupy the new building at Redhill



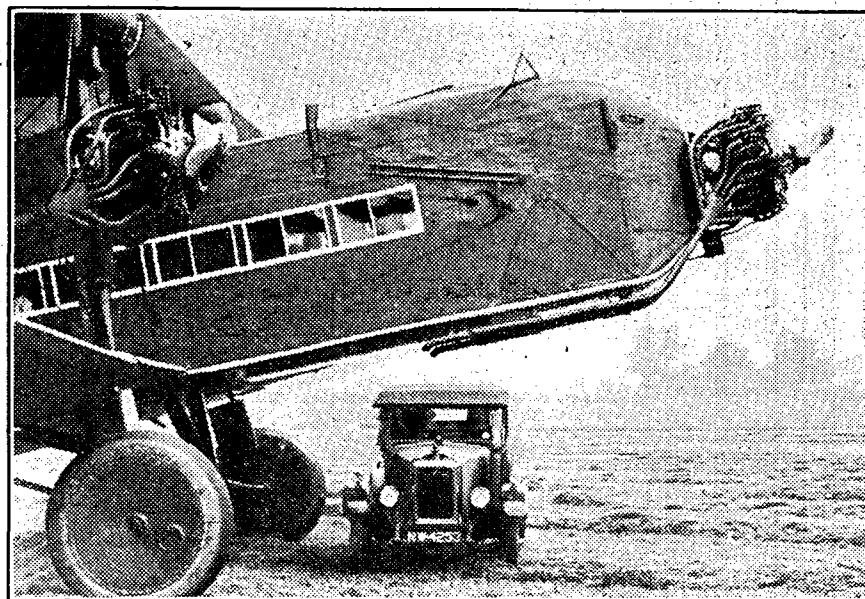
Look Pleasant, Please—This chimpanzee learned to handle the big camera so well that he was allowed to take a snapshot, as seen here



A Prize-winner—The Jersey cow is always a very attractive animal because of the sleek and clean appearance of its coat, and here is a picture of a fine Jersey cow which was awarded a prize at the Surrey Agricultural Show held at Guildford the other day



Troublesome Wolves—The prairie wolf-cubs in the arms of this little visitor to the Zoo have given the keepers trouble by burrowing into a lawn



World's Biggest Air Liner—The largest British commercial aeroplane has recently been built. It carries twenty passengers with their luggage, and its three engines give it a speed of over 100 miles an hour. As this picture shows, a motor-car can pass under the machine



Garages for Aeroplanes—At Stag Lane aerodrome, Edgware, six garages have been built which are rented by people who own light aeroplanes. In this picture a Moth aeroplane, with its wings folded back, is being pulled out of the garage by the owner and pilot, Mrs. Elliott Lynn

THE HOPE THAT NEVER DIES IN MAN—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency. R/R